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A Weekly Journal of Opinion

JUNE 10, 1996

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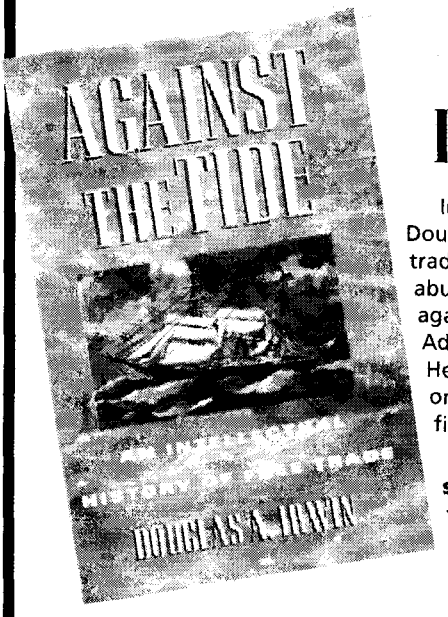
AGAINST THE TIDE

An Intellectual History of Free Trade

Douglas A. Irwin



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CORRESPONDENCE

Martha, Martha, Martha

To the editors:

Regarding Margaret Talbot's May 13 cover story, "Les Très Riches Heures de Martha Stewart": Why must cultural writers take Martha Stewart so seriously? My experience with Martha-manes—and I include myself—is that we "read" her the same way as one would read a romance novel or view a Merchant/Ivory film: as romantic escapism. The high production values of her media outputs make entertainment out of how-to instructions, and hooray for that. Whatever you think of Martha's intensity of purpose, don't demean her fans for indulging and rewarding it. We're fully aware of what's going on, and we can deal with it.

JAY PINKERT
Chicago, Illinois

Growing pains

To the editors:

Matthew Miller dismisses advocates of higher growth as "Fed bashers" ("Grow Up," May 13). But he's just plain wrong: the economy can grow more rapidly both in the short and the long run.

Miller acknowledges the growth rate can exceed potential in the short run if the actual unemployment rate exceeds the natural rate (NAIRU). The natural rate—or lowest rate that can be sustained without inflation—is not close to 6 percent, as some analysts have argued, but just over 5 percent. Hence the economy can be allowed to grow faster in 1996 until the slack in labor markets is taken up.

The more interesting question, of course, is how fast we can grow once unemployment does fall to its natural rate. The conventional calculation of 2.3 percent is based on 1.2 percent growth in the labor force and 1.1 percent productivity. But measured productivity is by definition actual output less manhours, rather than potential output less manhours. If actual output is slow because of weak demand, as it was in the early 1990s, the conventional calculation understates potential. A more useful approach is to go back to the causes of productivity: technological advance and capital investment. Using the stocks of R&D, physical capital and computers, in the long run GDP could grow about 0.5 percentage points faster than in the conventional calculation or about 2.8 percent a year in the late 1990s.

JERRY J. JASINOWSKI
Washington, D.C.

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City hall

To the editors:

As a frequent critic of Philadelphia Mayor Ed Rendell (as well as someone who has known him since he was 7), I was disappointed by Stephen Glass's superficial critique ("Philadelphia Story," May 13). It's true that Rendell hasn't lived up to his press notices—but that's a reflection on the press, not on him. Rendell has readily acknowledged that he's mostly a salesman/cheerleader.

It's also true that "local observers" expect Rendell to resign in order to run for the Senate or governor—but, again, that's probably more of a reflection on the observers than on Rendell. Glass might have noted that so far Rendell has served out all three of his elected terms (as district attorney and mayor).

An especially cheap shot was Glass's contention that Rendell has failed to remake Philadelphia into a tourist destination. Rendell's plan is based on future construction projects, most notably a new concert hall for the Philadelphia Orchestra and a National Constitution Center on Independence Mall. Rendell has engaged in prodigious fund-raising for these projects, but both are years away from completion.

The bottom line on Rendell is that he has done for Philadelphians what Professor Harold Hill did for River City—that is, he has made them feel better about each other and about their community. Given Philadelphia's long history of self-deprecation, that's no small accomplishment.

DAN ROTTENBERG
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

All the news?

To the editors:

Congratulations to Jacob Heilbrunn ("Bad Trip," May 13) for exposing the hypocrisy of *The New York Times* when it boasted of its Pulitzer Prizes without mentioning that one of its winners, Walter Duranty, stands exposed as a charlatan and a liar. But I must defend the late Herbert L. Matthews, another historic figure at the *Times* who was lumped with Duranty by Heilbrunn.

Yes, Matthews was taken in by Fidel Castro and as a young man praised Mussolini. But his coverage of the Spanish Civil War was brilliant and courageous. The *Times*, out of fear of offending Roman Catholic readers, was reluctant to print his factual reports about Italian military units serving with Franco. In the end his coverage was a great credit to the paper. He distinguished himself covering the Italian invasion of Ethiopia and as a front-line correspondent in WWII.

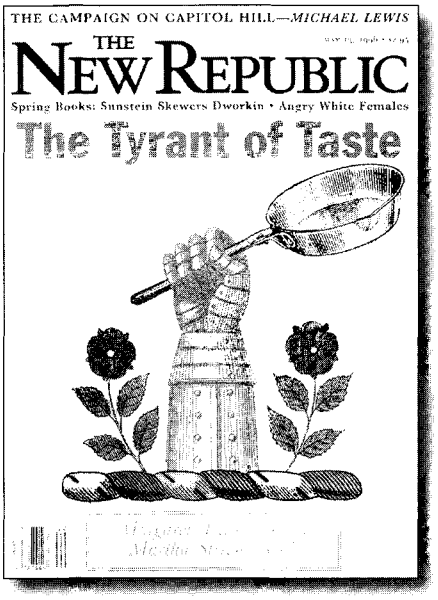
Herb was a romantic—at age 9 he was reading Richard Harding Davis—and a bit of a hero worshiper. George Orwell he was not, but he was an erudite, brave and serious newspaperman. It is unjust to associate him with frauds like Walter Duranty and Harold Denny.

JAMES W. MICHAELS
New York, New York

The ocean between

To the editors:

Peter Beinart is of course right to say that Liberia could use some benign form of neocolonialism ("Born in the USA," May 13). Unfortunately, he makes a number of mistakes in analyzing both past


THE CAMPAIGN ON CAPITOL HILL—MICHAEL LEWIS
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American involvement in Liberia and past French and British involvement elsewhere in Africa, causing him to miss the point of just how rare a bird constructive neocolonialism is. If it is true that the U.S. failed to protect the old Americo-Liberian elite when Master Sergeant Samuel Doe seized power in 1980, it is no less true that Washington's ties with Monrovia under Doe blossomed, if such a word can be used, into as neocolonial a relationship as any ever practiced in Africa by France or Britain. In 1988, for example, seventeen U.S. government-paid economic experts were dispatched to Monrovia, where they were given the extraordinary power of co-signatories on any significant state expenditures.

As for our Western allies, France and Britain, it would be wrong to single out the U.S. evacuation of Americans from Liberia as an example of Washington's lack of noblesse oblige. There is a long tradition of Western rescue missions in Africa aimed almost exclusively at rescuing Westerners. France and Belgium have gone through this exercise repeatedly beginning with the Congo crisis at the dawn of the African independence era and continuing all the way to the recent Rwandan genocide.

It is also simply not true to say that Western colonial powers have followed a pattern in Africa of picking leaders from the most numerous and powerful ethnic groups so that opponents will be less likely to challenge them. From Ghana and Niger to Senegal and Zaire, leaders of relatively small, sometimes insignificant ethnic groups have been propelled forward with the help of powerful outsiders with the thought that their own sense of internal insecurity will ensure that they remain faithful allies.

The form of stability imposed under bad rulers who were not chosen with the say of their people indeed secured a form of stability for many countries in Africa. In the end, however, it can be argued that this form of stability dangerously puts off a day of reckoning when Africans will have to assume responsibility for their own fates.

HOWARD W. FRENCH
Abidjan, Côte d'Ivoire

Too late

To the editors:

Your assertions and arguments in "Better Late Than Never" (The Editors, May 13) defy logic. First, even those who perform the D&E abortion procedure admitted in recent congressional testimony that about 80 percent of the procedures are purely elective. The other 20 percent are done in reaction to fetal abnormality (often minor things that could be easily corrected), decisions themselves which are not morally innocuous. The procedure is never done in order to protect the life or the physical health of the mother since the procedure is substantially more dangerous than live birth. Second, 13,000 late-term abortions a year may seem like a small number to you—but if it is morally wrong then just one late-term elective abortion a year is too many. Numerics do not constitute a moral argument. Third, if, as you say, the emotional health of the mother is just grounds for a late-term abortion on a viable unborn child then do you also agree with legal infanticide on the same grounds? There is absolutely nothing of moral significance which distinguishes the late-term unborn children killed via the D&E procedure from newborn babies—and for you to implicitly make the distinction suggests that your own "visceral queasiness" takes precedence over your "moral queasiness."

KENT SMETTERS
Washington, D.C.

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FROM WASHINGTON

Overboard

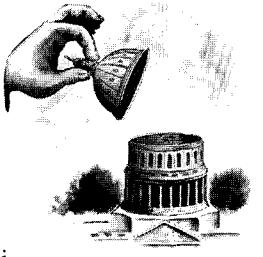
Who really killed Admiral Jeremy M. "Mike" Boorda? "The media," says Retired Admiral Elmo "Bud" Zumwalt; *Newsweek* and others who investigated the validity of Boorda's Vietnam-era decorations "are guilty of a horrendous crime." "At some point," adds Senator Bob Smith of New Hampshire, "the continuing quest for a story can give way to relentless, unwarranted persecution."

Whatever other consequences it may have, Boorda's suicide seems destined to pass into military lore as further proof that journalists are a bunch of sharks—thus aggravating the already-strained relations between the press and the military. This antagonism is largely a clash of institutional cultures: the irreverent, disclosure-oriented, individualistic press vs. the hierarchical, secret-keeping, collectivist military. To compound the contrast, the abolition of the draft ensured that fewer reporters have personal military experience while career officers are increasingly the creatures of their own all-volunteer realm. And each of these two institutions likes to think its peculiar ethic is uniquely vital to American democracy: the press, because it holds the powerful to account; the military, because it protects the country's security.

World War II, when the armed forces and the Fourth Estate cooperated for the sake of victory, was a brief shining moment of harmony. But Vietnam ended that, probably forever. Fed on phony statistics and even phonier forecasts of victory, journalists came to distrust anyone in uniform. For their part, military men blamed their defeat—and their own tarnished image—on unfair coverage.

The military swore to refight the "battle of public opinion" during the Gulf war—and it won. Compared to their articulate, crisply attired military briefers, the press corps in Saudi Arabia looked carping and ill-informed. The public, supportive of the war and increasingly skeptical of the media itself, cared little for reporters' complaints about military censorship. In the wake of the Gulf war, the media have taken steps to refine their coverage of the military, and that coverage, the Tailhook sexual harassment scandal notwithstanding, has been largely favorable. Yet for all the glowing stories about Scott O'Grady's heroism, harmonious Army race relations and the like, military men still tend to see journalistic inquiry as a threat and journalists as vaguely unpatriotic.

To be sure, some post-Boorda media soul-searching is in order. One area for reflection concerns the National Security News Service. For the most part, news organizations have checked out the group's stories and disclosed their reliance on its information. The media have been less forthright about the political agenda of the group's founders and funders. These include Wayne Jaquith, a Boston lawyer, who founded the anti-nuclear Physicians for Social Responsibility, a group that welcomed the cooperation of a KGB-controlled Soviet counterpart organization. They also include the leftist, pro-disarmament W. Alton Jones Foundation, whose contributions to human understanding include a dubious study about a worldwide shortage of human sperm. Given this background, it's hard to see why the news service is routinely characterized as "nonpartisan."



And *Newsweek* should have thought twice about allowing Colonel David Hackworth to handle the Boorda story. (Full disclosure statement: *Newsweek* was my employer for over six years.) As a contributing editor at the magazine, Hackworth enjoys unusual deference and freedom of action regarding things military because of his own distinguished Army combat record. But he is a highly controversial figure within the military. Some respect "Hack's" decision to quit the Army in 1971 and go public with his criticism of the Vietnam effort; others claim his "about-face" was a ploy to divert attention from his own problems, which included Army allegations, later dropped, that he had improperly spirited gambling winnings out of Vietnam.

As a journalist, Hackworth has continued his battle with the "brass"; corruption in military awards has been one of his pet peeves. Before the magazine's scheduled interview with Boorda, Hackworth was heard to boast that his story would cost Boorda his job. He has even admitted to "musing" that the story might cause the admiral to "put a gun to his head." Such braggadocio aside, Hackworth's passions, unmodulated by anyone at the magazine with comparable experience, may have led *Newsweek*'s editors to exaggerate the importance of the Boorda story.

But, as the involvement of an old Army warrior like Hackworth suggests, the Boorda case cannot be reduced to a simple story of knee-jerk anti-military bias. Roger Charles, the National Security News Service's researcher, was a former military officer, too. Overzealous and wrongheaded or not, Hackworth and Charles seem to have been motivated at least in part by the belief that rooting out misfeasance would strengthen the military institutions they once served.

Moreover, *Newsweek* acted responsibly by seeking comment from Boorda well in advance of publishing any story. The magazine dispatched Washington bureau chief Evan Thomas and defense specialist John Barry to interview Boorda; both are serious journalists and, if anything, somewhat pro-Pentagon. Given the purported ambiguity about his right to the decorations, it is a mystery why Boorda didn't at least try to explain his side of the story to these two journalists. The admiral's suicide note, which apparently expressed the anguished belief that any explanation he might give would be distorted in the press, simply should not be taken as the last word on the question. John Barry himself has said that he considered the medals story "gotcha journalism" and might have recommended dropping it.

Which raises another crucial issue: the hypocrisy embedded in so much military griping about the media. Not only do officers try to manipulate the hated press to get favorable coverage for this combat unit or that weapons system. Like everyone else in Washington, officers and civilian Pentagon officials leak stories calculated to help their friends and undermine their enemies. In fact, there wouldn't be much reporting about the internal workings of the Pentagon without leaks. Certainly there would never have been a story about Boorda's medals unless someone—probably someone inside the Navy—had gone to the National Security News Service with the tale.

If Boorda despaired of ever being able to clear his name, it was probably not only for fear of the press. As he typed his suicide note, he must have realized that the knives were out for him within his own scandal-ridden and divided service and that those deter-

continued on page 41

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

JUNE 10, 1996

HARD COPY

Here we go again, another slugfest with China on trade. By now, everyone knows the choreography. First the Clinton administration tells anyone who'll listen that it really is going to slap tariffs on Beijing for pirating American tapes, floppy disks and CDs; U.S. China experts worriedly wring their hands. Then China offers vague eleventh-hour promises to crack down on violators, and America backs off. A little while later, after determining—surprise!—that China hasn't stopped the pirating after all, the administration resumes its threats.

This time the Clintonites better mean it. As acting U.S. trade representative Charlene Barshefsky and Commerce Secretary Mickey Kantor threaten to impose $3 billion in tariffs on Chinese goods on June 17 for intellectual property rights violations, past caves have already undermined their tough talk. Since the U.S. signed a trade agreement with China in February 1995 aimed at curbing these violations, Chinese counterfeiting has actually expanded to include brand names such as Toshiba, 3M, Philips and Sony. Our overall trade deficit with China stands at $35 billion, and the U.S. software producers group Business Software Alliance estimates that the U.S. lost $488 million to China in computer-related violations last year, up from $351 a year ago, with overall copyright losses totaling $2.3 billion in 1995.

The copyright flap is yet another sign of the hostile turn U.S.-Chinese relations have taken in the past few years. The starting point for understanding this downswing is that it results from Chinese, not American, intransigence. On issue after issue, from the export of nuclear technology to human rights violations, Beijing has made its contempt for the U.S. abundantly clear.

Unfortunately, every time the Clinton administration acts as if it understands this, it contradicts itself. Last week, while Mickey Kantor growled about sanctions, Warren Christopher tore himself away from the Middle East to deliver an address pointing to "common interest" between the U.S. and China and calling for regular high-level talks with Chinese officials. Worse, President Clinton, who took office demanding improvements in the Chinese human rights record, now pushes for another extension of most favored nation status without even pretending that last year's extension made anyone in China more free.

Rather than indulging in wishful thinking about U.S.-Chinese cooperation, the Clinton administration should begin to challenge what looks more and more like a sustained Chinese attempt to drive the U.S. out of Asia. That requires viewing economic and strategic issues as a whole rather than in isolation. Given that China blinked during its most serious eyeball to eyeball confrontation with the U.S.—this spring over Taiwan—the administration's overall quiescence is particularly vexing. Beijing's circumspection in the face of America's deployment of aircraft carriers in the Taiwan Strait suggests that China's vaunted "sensitivity," cited by the therapeutic school of China appeasers, is more myth than reality. When confronted by military power, China did not react like a humiliated child; it rationally assessed the probable costs and gains of a confrontation.

As China steps up pressure in two key regions—claiming the Spratley Islands in the South China Sea and contesting Japanese oil rights in the East China Sea—U.S. resolve becomes even more critical. Until now, the U.S. has given no hint that it is prepared to challenge Beijing's claims in those regions. Yet for China to assume control of the South China Sea, one of the most important shipping lanes in the world, would give it an economic chokehold over the entire area. China is also currently jousting with Japan for control over perhaps 100 billion barrels' worth of oil reserves in the East China Sea. Unless the U.S. backs Japan, China will score a dangerous victory, denying Japan the oil it will need to power its economy in future years.

As China flexes its muscles, the Clinton administration clings, against mounting evidence, to its policy of engagement. China's continued willingness to probe the limits of American will, however, demands a change in tone and substance. The U.S. is the dominant military power in Asia and runs an enormous trade deficit with China. Both factors suggest that Beijing needs the U.S. more than the U.S. needs Beijing. Standing up to China does not imply a new cold war, but it does require a new willingness to puncture Chinese pretensions to Pacific hegemony. Trade is part of the puzzle, but only part. Unless the Clinton administration develops a coordinated strategic response to China's various offenses, it may well discover that it has traded away our security as well as our market share in East Asia. •

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

TAKING THE INITIATIVE

Since its founding, this magazine has argued for judicial restraint. From Progressive era economic regulations to abortion and affirmative action, the editors have maintained that great social controversies should be resolved in the political branches rather than the courts. When the Supreme Court agreed to review a Colorado initiative prohibiting "claims of discrimination" on the basis of homosexual orientation, we deplored the initiative as a policy matter but argued for its constitutionality. By reading the text as narrowly as possible, and construing it to have few practical effects, the Court, we suggested, could reluctantly uphold it.

This week, the Court struck it down. Justice Anthony Kennedy's opinion has a skeletal quality; it reads as if the majority could not agree on reasons for its decision, and so decided to give only a result. Construing the initiative as *broadly* as possible, Kennedy suggests that "It is a fair, if not necessary, inference from the broad language of the amendment that it deprives gays and lesbians even of the protection of general laws and policies that prohibit arbitrary discrimination in governmental and private settings." Maybe so. And if the amendment really did sweep so broadly that it prohibited gays from challenging a police department's refusal to respond to anti-gay violence, for example, it would indeed be denial of legal protection in the most literal sense. But then why didn't Kennedy wait until the Court was presented with an unconstitutional application of the law, rather than striking it down on its face?

Borrowing from an exceptional brief filed by Laurence Tribe of Harvard, Kennedy suggests that the initiative is unconstitutional because it "withdraws from homosexuals, but no others, specific legal protection from the injuries caused by discrimination, and it forbids reinstatement of these laws and policies." But the implications of Tribe's theory are more radical than Kennedy acknowledges. Tribe suggests that, in a post-New Deal world, all citizens have the right to be free from "discrimination," defined as abstractly as possible. But, if the Court really has endorsed Tribe's theory, it has wrought a revolution in anti-discrimination law. All states that pass fair-housing laws, for example, would be required to include gays (and Republicans, and left-handed people) on the list of protected classes.

Perhaps recoiling from this prospect, Kennedy goes on to endorse a separate, more modest theory proposed by the plaintiffs. The initiative, he suggests, lacks a rational basis because "its sheer breadth is so discontinuous with the reasons offered for it that the amendment seems inexplicable by anything but animus toward the class that it affects." Even if one wants to encourage "traditional values" by discouraging homosexual conduct, this argument goes, it's hardly rational to pass a law so broad that it prohibits the police from requiring officers to respond to 911 calls from gays and lesbians. By emphasizing the breadth of the Colorado initiative, the *Romer* decision may have few reverberations in future cases concerning gay marriage, or anti-sodomy laws, that are focused on particular conduct.

If Justice Kennedy's opinion reveals too little, Justice Scalia's dissent reveals too much. "The Court has mistaken a Kulturkampf for a fit of spite," Scalia begins, using Kulturkampf in the good sense. And he then indulges in his own fit of spite. "If it is constitutionally permissible for a State to make homosexual conduct criminal, surely it is constitutionally permissible for a State to enact other laws merely disfavoring homosexual conduct." But Colorado was among the first states to *repeal* laws making homosexual conduct criminal; and even if it hadn't, it could hardly "disfavor" homosexual conduct by denying homosexuals police protection. Scalia is wrong, furthermore, that the Court can't overturn the Colorado initiative without also overturning *Bowers* v. *Hardwick*, the 1986 decision upholding Georgia's anti-sodomy law. Principled conservatives who oppose heterosexual and homosexual sodomy on natural law grounds don't presume to argue (as Scalia seems to argue) that gays and lesbians can be relegated to outlaw status.

There is an appealing theatricality to the *Romer* decision, which was handed down almost a hundred years to the day after the Court upheld racial segregation in *Plessy* v. *Ferguson*, and which begins with the words of Justice Harlan's famous dissent. But Harlan was making a substantive claim that all citizens have a common law right to be free from public discrimination on railroads and other common carriers. If Justice Kennedy has discovered a far more sweeping right for all citizens to be free from all private discrimination, he has transformed the scope of equal citizenship more dramatically than he must have intended. •

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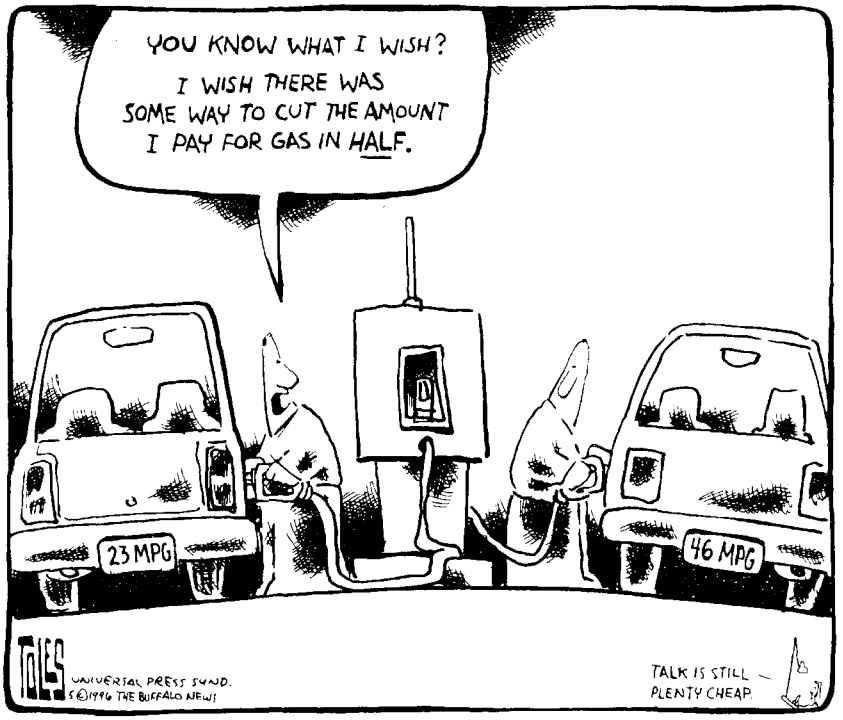
NOTEBOOK

SIDE WAYS: When President Clinton raised the top tax bracket in 1993, Congressman Dick Armey predicted that it would raise the deficit rather than shrink it. (You know the supply-side formula: lower tax rates mean higher tax revenues and vice versa.) Last week the Treasury Department announced that Clinton's hike brought in $25 billion more than expected, meaning the budget deficit is now worth less than half what it was when Clinton took office. Armey seemed unfazed. "We are not going to crow about taking in more taxes," sneered his communications director. "We're looking for ways to lower taxes paid by American families." So now the objection isn't to higher tax *rates*, but to higher tax *revenues*, which is exactly what Armey claims his flat tax would bring about. And Armey isn't the only supply sider bewildered by his own theory. Listen to Steve Forbes last week: "Let me tell you, every time America has had an across-the-board tax cut, the economy has responded, the American people have responded, and revenues have gone up. I don't mean this as a pitch for big government because we should use those revenues to cut more, the tax burden. . . . " Of course, if you use the "revenues" from tax cuts to cut taxes more, then that should raise even *more* revenue, according to supply-side logic. Eventually taxes will be zero, and the government will have more money than it knows how to spend. What will Steve Forbes do then?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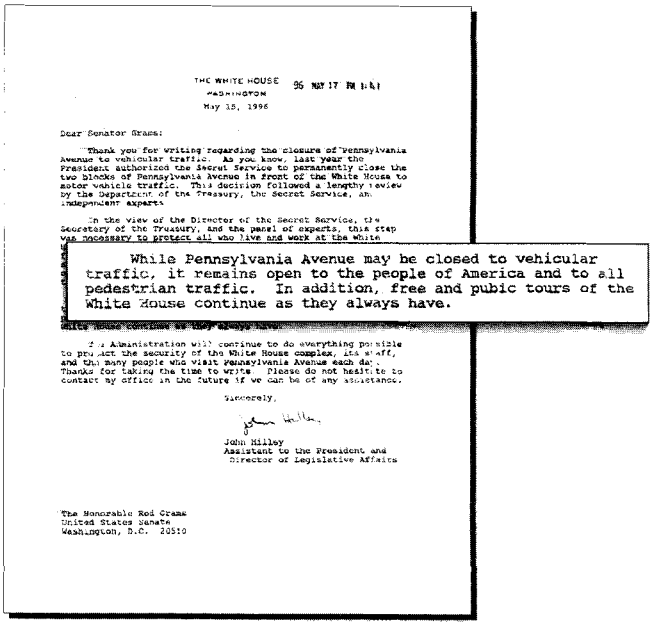
CLUELESS IN SEATTLE: We were, of course, tickled to see our recently West Coast-converted colleague Michael Kinsley adorning the cover of the May 20 *Newsweek*. But the accompanying article on Seattle annoyed on a couple of levels. First was its suggestion that Seattle's caffeine-laden, faux-rustic culture represents a model for the rest of us. Please. Seattle's lovely, yes, but mostly for those qualities that remain unsullied by its grunge rockers and self-consciously hip yuppies. And we couldn't help but notice how the article boasted that "Everybody else is moving there" and yet was rather wormy about the real population trends affecting Seattle. "The city is a demographic paradox," *Newsweek* fudged, "a place whose population—532,900 in 1995—is essentially stable, yet which seems to visitors (who don't often get to working-class neighborhoods) to consist entirely of people who were born somewhere else." In other words, everybody else *isn't* moving there.

ROD'S PENN: "Have you been to the White House lately? You'll see what fear looks like." That's the overheated opening of a *Washington Post* Op-Ed by Minnesota Senator Rod Grams, which paints the Clinton administration's decision to close Pennsylvania Avenue as typical of liberal arrogance toward, and distance from, the people government is supposed to serve. Actually, the decision was long recommended by the Secret Service, a body that evaluates the security needs of elected officials, without regard to their ideology. If only the same could be said of Senator Grams.

MORE THAN YOU WANTED TO SEE:


THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON
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May 15, 1996

Dear Senator Grams:

Thank you for writing regarding the closure of Pennsylvania Avenue to vehicular traffic. As you know, last year the President authorized the Secret Service to permanently close the two blocks of Pennsylvania Avenue in front of the White House to motor vehicle traffic. This decision followed a lengthy review by the Department of the Treasury, the Secret Service, an independent experts

In the view of the Director of the Secret Service, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the panel of experts, this step was necessary to protect all who live and work at the White

While Pennsylvania Avenue may be closed to vehicular traffic, it remains open to the people of America and to all pedestrian traffic. In addition, free and pubic tours of the White House continue as they always have.

[illegible] Administration will continue to do everything possible to provide the security of the White House complex, its staff, and the many people who visit Pennsylvania Avenue each day. Thanks for taking the time to write. Please do not hesitate to contact my office in the future if we can be of any assistance.

Sincerely,

John Hilley
Assistant to the President and
Director of Legislative Affairs

The Honorable Rod Grams
United States Senate
Washington, D.C. 20510

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A fabulist's campaign.

TALE SPIN

By Hanna Rosin

Mark Helprin tells a lot of stories, and they are all true. This includes the story the New York novelist scripted for Bob Dole in his singing resignation speech, the one in which Dole transformed himself from a senator into "a private citizen, a Kansan, an American, just a man." Or so Helprin says. "There is a desire among some members of the press to spin it as no big deal, not really Bob Dole but some clever guy he got to write some speech, and that's not true," he explains. "The only thing I did was clean the window, so that the man that he actually is can be seen. He wrote that speech with the pen of his life."

Truth is a touchy subject for Helprin, because someone once called him a liar, and he says it ruined his career. In April 1991, the novelist Paul Alexander wrote a profile of Helprin in *The New York Times Magazine* called "Big Books, Tall Tales," in which he accused Helprin of proffering phony tales about his own life. Helprin has claimed, among other things, that his mother was once sold into slavery and that at the tender age of 13 he was almost killed by a Pakistani immigrant in Jamaica.

Helprin could have teased Alexander for missing his jokes or said that he'd merely touched up the truth for effect. Instead, he used the three-month, 10,000-mile, fourteen-city book tour for his novel *A Soldier of the Great War* to refute the *Times* piece, point by point. He got the *Paris Review* to publish documents: crew records from the M.V. Stonepool to prove he was, indeed, in the British Merchant Navy, and a hand-scrawled doctor's note from one A. A. Chaplan who verified that "during the summer [of] 1960, I was summoned by your father to attend your wounds following an assault." "Even though the magazine piece that questioned my honesty was false," Helprin told the *Paris Review*, "I was ashamed to be taken for the kind of person it portrayed."

It's hard to fathom Helprin's deadpan fury. By all accounts, he is the Ali Baba of the Hudson Valley, compulsively telling the wildest of tales, daring his audience to doubt him. One fellow novelist suggests that Helprin's ceaseless tale-spinning is designed to "deepen the confusion" and "circumvent legitimate questions about his past. When you've lied a few times, and there's no way out, you just lie some more." Consider Helprin's many stories about his own bravado. Since *The New York Times Magazine* profile, he's been known to turn his book readings into magic shows, in which he dazzles the audience with barely believable stories, like the one about the Swiss ambassador whipping out a pistol during dinner. In a talk before a group of West Point cadets, Helprin bravely confessed that his decision to skip Vietnam should be called by its true name—"dodging the draft." Then, at the end of the short speech, he told a story: one day, he found himself on his way to Israel, "in a fury to put myself on the line." What he actually did on the line the soldiers will never know: "Someday you will find yourself in a terrible place, about to die from a wound that is too big for a pressure bandage, or you may find yourself in an enemy prison, facing years of torture, or you may find yourself, more likely, as I did, in a freezing rain soaked trench, at four o'clock in the morning, listening to your heartbeat like thunder as you stare into the hallucinatory darkness of a field sown with mines." In this series of haunting images the drenched man is the same as the dying man. Helprin's true confession about Vietnam is blotted out, and the rear guard infantryman who served one year of non-combat duty in the Israeli army is transformed into a purple heart hero.

What does Helprin's storytelling mean for Bob Dole? Helprin the fantastical novelist is also a committed conservative—a contributing editor at *The Wall Street Journal*, a member of the right-wing Hudson Institute. While he has not been hired as a speechwriter for the Dole campaign, and took no fee for the resignation speech, he is voluntarily spinning a sunny plot line for his party's candidate. ("Dole could fit in one of my books," he told *The Washington Post*.) This new Dole "has become enthusiastic now; his temperament is virtually perfect, spectacular, ruled by courage and quietude," says Helprin.

But it's hard to remake a man with a fifty-year public history. Dole shares more in common with Helprin's characters—the nameless veteran in *Memoir from an Antproof Case* and Alessandro Giuliani in *A Soldier of the Great War*—than Helprin would like to admit. All are warriors who "at least three times" were "about to be taken into the arms of God," as Helprin wrote this week about Dole in *Newsweek*. But the experience gave them more than just "faith" and "courage." It left them off-kilter and bitter, seething with mordant wit. "You may run quadruple marathons and do one-armed handstands, but only blink, look up, and see yourself hobbling about like a bent insect half crushed under a heavy heel," says the acerbic soldier in *Memoir*, sounding remarkably like the Dole we all know.

There's no question that Helprin's speech renewed Dole; it gave the mumbler a voice and the flat campaign some texture. But Dole's tears were sincere to the extent that the story was not true. They flowed, most likely, not because he was a new man, yearning to "look to America," but because he was mourning the loss of the crusty old one, the dealmaking Dole, the real Dole it was time to sacrifice. And, like it or not, this Dole who delves in the negative is the one who rings true—and, incidentally, offers the best antidote to Clinton's glibness. •

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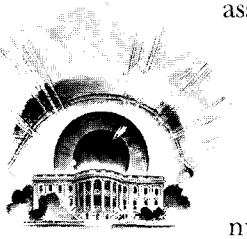
DICK AND TRENT

By Matthew Cooper

The temptation to compare Newt Gingrich and Trent Lott is irresistible. The Speaker of the House and the Mississippi senator came to Congress in the 1970s as Southern firebrands, out to shake up the amiable Midwesterners who ran the House. Of course, Democrats can't stand either one of them. But both Gingrich and Lott are popular among their GOP colleagues. Republican moderates in the House love Gingrich. He's fair to them. Lott enjoys comparable affection on the Senate side. That's why he's all but certain to replace Bob Dole as Majority Leader. Lott has more than twenty senators saying that they'll support him over his opponent, fellow Mississippian Thad Cochran, who is promising what he described to me as "the right tone, a need to be warmer." Most members, though, aren't buying Cochran's fuzzies. Take Jim Jeffords, the Senate's most liberal Republican. The Vermonter sings in a quartet with Lott, the "Vocal Majority," which belts out country tunes like "Elvira" by the Oak Ridge Boys. When Lott introduces him on stage he calls Jeffords "the gentleman *way* to my left." The humor is gentle, not pointed. Jeffords supports Lott.



The rise of Lott opens the way for a fascinating chapter in this already-fascinating election: Let's Make a Deal, Round II. In the coming months, we may see strange alliances that leave Democrats (congressional incumbents and challengers) and Dole on one side and Clinton, Lott and Gingrich on the other side.

How? Consider how we got where we are. When the Republicans took over Congress they assumed that they could ram their agenda past the White House. Clinton, they figured, would cave on everything from tax cuts to regulatory overhaul. They misjudged spectacularly. Clinton not only stood up to the GOP, but the public came to think of Gingrich and his minions as extremists. After thirteen stop-gap continuing resolutions, the Republicans and Clinton arrived at a deal for this year's budget nine months late. That's where things stand now that negotiations for next year's budget have begun. Most people in the White House and on the Hill think a budget deal for next year, let alone a multi-year package, is unlikely. "It won't happen, I tell you," says a senior Clinton adviser. Maybe. But Dole's departure makes the calculus for a deal look better. Here's why:

The Lott-Morris relationship. Lott and Clinton's adviser Dick Morris are longtime friends. Morris counseled Lott's two Senate races. When Lott made his maiden run at the Senate in 1988, his Democratic opponent took him to task for having a black chauffeur. Lott came back with the devastating response in which the man in question, George Awkward, explained that he was guarding Lott, who was then a member of the House leadership. "I'm nobody's chauffeur," Awkward told the cameras. Lott won. During last year's budget ordeal, Lott and Morris held a series of secret back-channel meetings and phone calls that are documented in Elizabeth Drew's *Showdown.* The two were trying to figure out ways to get their respective sides to compromise. When their cover was blown, the talks shut down. Now that Lott's about to be the top dog, can these two avoid talking? Morris insists that there's no clandestine schmoozing. "I haven't spoken to Trent since Dole stepped down," Morris told me—a less-than-convincing demurral. (Imagine if Bush adviser Bob Teeter said that he hadn't talked to Richard Gephardt in a week.) "We're trying to ratchet back our relationship." Ratchet away, but it's hard to imagine Morris, who shared confidential polling data with the Dole campaign, being able to contain himself. Why should he? A deal would be in Lott's interest and Clinton's because ...

Lott could use a deal. Right now, Republican House and Senate candidates are getting clobbered. The association with Gingrich is killing them. They're fumbling for words, desperate to explain that they only meant to control Medicare's growth. However unfairly, the public's not buying it. But, if Lott and Clinton strike a deal, the extremist label is gone. No Democrat will be able to tar his GOP opponent as a right-wing nut if he's signing a Clinton budget. Already, Dick Armey is saying that he'll refrain from putting controversial riders on bills next year. Why would Clinton cave after his successful steadfastness? Because ...

Clinton could use a deal, too. If Clinton cuts a deal with the Lott-Gingrich Congress, he would deprive Dole of his two biggest weapons. First, Dole would no longer be able to run as a "doer." If he's such a can-do guy, why couldn't he get a deal? The other weapon that would be lifted from Dole's hands is the tax-and-spend argument. If the GOP Congress signs off on a Clinton budget, how can Dole skewer Clinton as a free-spender?

I grant that this scenario requires an astonishing level of cynicism. Lott and Gingrich would essentially be cutting Dole loose, separating their fortunes from his. And Clinton would be jettisoning the congressional Democrats who benefit from running against the "extremist" Republicans. But is this so implausible? Remember "triangulation." For Morris, it means that Clinton should stand equidistant from the Republicans and the Democrats, like a triangle's peak. Those centrist, Morris-designed issues—school uniforms, for example—have served Clinton well. But what's really buoyed the president has been the old-fashioned, Stephanopoulos-Ickes advice to veto Medicare cuts. Now may be the time for a new triangulation, a new geometry, that leaves Dole cornered. •

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JERUSALEM POSTCARD

SLEEPER

By Gershom Gorenberg

It's 11:30 at night when Benjamin (Bibi) Netanyahu arrives at a banquet hall in the basement of Jerusalem's Great Synagogue, where a North African-born rabbi has gathered 1,800 people. On one side, waiters distribute the main course to skullcapped men; on the other, waitresses serve women wearing headscarves or wigs and high-buttoned blouses. From the bandstand in back, a singer belts out the Hebrew words "Forgive us, forgive us, Lord" in an Arabic-style tremolo, backed up by drums, *oud* and keyboards at heavy-metal volume. Then the emcee begins singing, off-key, twisting Psalm 24, "Lift up your heads, O gates, that the prime minister may come in," and introduces "Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu."

The candidate of the right-wing Likud Party couldn't ask for a crowd with better demographics—Orthodox, North African-born, mostly Jerusalemites. Netanyahu, red-faced, a black skullcap perched on his head for the occasion, speaks briefly, in intonations so practiced they sound computerized. The left's willingness to surrender Jewish land, he declares, "is the product primarily of loss of faith." Near the dais, men stand and clap rhythmically. But a few rows further back, I notice, people are seated, heads down, focused on dinner.

Nearly every person in the hall is likely to vote for Netanyahu on May 29, in the first election in which Israelis will cast ballots directly for prime minister and not just for parliament. But even here there is little fervor. By rights, the 1996 campaign should have been impassioned from the start: it follows a prime minister's assassination and coincides with the beginning of talks on a final peace agreement with the Palestinians. "Fateful decisions," as incumbent Shimon Peres, Netanyahu and every other pol says, are at hand. Yet, at the equivalent of late October in an American presidential election year, the national mood remains understated, entirely un-Israeli. Only when a young Likud activist shot and wounded a Laborite hanging posters in mid-May did the country get a sudden reminder of the repressed fury beneath the surface, particularly on the right.

One reason for the malaise is that the electorate—having witnessed Rabin's assassination, Israel's pullout from West Bank cities, the terror-bombings of February and March—is exhausted. The parties' strategies have also muffled debate. Since the assassination, and polls showing that most Israelis—including many Likud voters—want the peace process to go on, Netanyahu has dressed himself as a moderate. The fervent nationalist now says he'll honor the accords and consider meeting with Yasir Arafat, while insisting he can negotiate a better final-status deal than Peres. Peres, by contrast, his lead erased by February's Hamas terror attacks, tries to sound muscular. Try telling the difference between Likud's slogan, "NETANYAHU: MAKE A SECURE PEACE" and Labor's, "A STRONG ISRAEL WITH PERES."

For weeks, Labor's campaign strategy consisted of seeming not to campaign at all. "What campaign?" Peres declared on the prime-time talk show "Popolitika." "I spend 95 percent of my time on matters of state." The strategy, party sources say, was designed by Interior Minister Haim Ramon and party secretary Nissim Zvili: the incumbent would act prime ministerial, make news and behave as if Netanyahu didn't exist. Peres followed the script—wrapping up a Lebanon ceasefire just in time to leave for a trip to Washington and prime-time photo ops with Bill Clinton.

But Labor's aloof demeanor may conceal structural problems. A top Labor source told me that Zvili had "destroyed the party" organizationally, leaving it without functioning branches when the campaign began. Rivalry is intense between Ramon and Foreign Minister Ehud Barak, the ex-army chief of staff who shed his uniform last year; both see themselves as Peres's successor. "Their cronies are eating each other up. Barak is much more childish and suspicious because he has no real political experience," another Labor insider says. "'Sources close to' leak things about each other."

The Likud's chief strategist, Eyal Arad, lists Labor errors with glee. A lean, hungry 38-year-old media consultant, Arad recalls how Peres stumbled, vowing the ceasefire in Lebanon would hold "until the elections." "They say they have a secret plan to deal with a terror attack," Arad snorts. "You want to hear it? They'll make a special commercial on it."

Netanyahu's main expertise is campaigning. An unabashed imitator of U.S. political marketing, he speaks in rehearsed soundbites, carefully matching his message to audiences and opinion polls. A campaign leaflet dropped in my mailbox in mid-May ("We're doing a lot with direct mail," Arad told me. "It was the method of the Republicans in the '80s.") proclaims that Netanyahu "has succeeded in everything he's done." But the highest positions listed in the 46-year-old's airbrushed résumé are deputy foreign minister and heading the Likud—that is, being a candidate. Israelis seem underwhelmed. As political scientist Yaron Ezrahi observes, Netanyahu's "participation in the production of Bibi is too transparent. Bibi doesn't let you forget he's engaged in image-building."

Ironically, that has made the 72-year-old Peres, accused for decades of duplicity, into the more trustworthy candidate. One source on the right argues that

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Where We Stand

By Albert Shanker, President
American Federation of Teachers

Home-Grown Standards

A few years ago, when I first started writing about the importance of common educational standards, most Americans considered national or state standards to be out of the question. Now, we have broad agreement in the U.S. that standards are essential. Indeed, most of the 50 states are already on the way to developing them.

The next question is, what to do while we're waiting? Even when states have agreed on the level of writing students should reach and what they should know about American history, for example, it will still be necessary to devise curricula, train teachers to use them, and create assessments. And if these things are done right, the process is bound to be a lengthy one. What happens to our current students and to those who come along in the meantime? Are there any standards that can be put in place while the states build their systems of standards and assessments? One option is to make more extensive use of the College Board's Advanced Placement (AP) program, which is our best home-grown example of high standards in action.

Every state ought to follow South Carolina's lead in making AP courses more widely available.

AP was started 40 years ago, and it is based on the idea that students will work hard to meet high standards if they are given the right kind of incentive. In this case, the incentive is college credit for advanced work taken in high school. There are now 29 AP courses in 16 subjects, including mathematics, history, music, chemistry, and computer science. Students who take an AP course show they have achieved at a college level by getting a 3 or better (out of a possible 5) on an exam that is set by AP and graded by an outside group of high school and college teachers. Not every college accepts AP, but the list that does includes Harvard, Yale, Stanford, and nearly 3,000 others. AP credit demonstrates that a student is serious about learning and willing to work hard. And given rising college fees, there is also a financial incentive attached to AP credit.

AP exams are not as tough as those faced by French or German students seeking entry to college, but they are not pushovers, either. Most are three hours long and include essay or problem-solving questions, as well as multiple-choice. And even the multiple-choice questions require real content knowledge. Take the following American History question: *In 1932, Franklin D. Roosevelt and Herbert Hoover disagreed most strongly about the desirability of (A) a balanced federal budget; (B) farm price supports; (C) federal aid to corporations; (D) a program of public works; (E) federal relief to individuals.* A student would need more than the vague general knowledge that we associate with many multiple-choice tests to pick out the correct answer to this question.

The trouble with the current AP program is that it does not touch many students. In 1995, only 8 percent of U.S. eighteen-year-olds took AP exams, and only 5 percent scored a 3 or above. One reason for this is financial. It costs schools money for the training AP teachers must have, and students must pay to take the exams. However, some states—South Carolina, Indiana, and Utah, for example—are now using a combination of mandates and incentives to get more schools to offer AP courses and more students to take them.

In 1984, South Carolina, with the leadership of Governor Richard Riley, who is now U.S. Secretary of Education, passed legislation requiring all schools to offer AP classes or make them available through independent study or distance learning. The state also encouraged greater use of AP courses and exams by allocating money for teacher training and exam fees for needy students. Finally, South Carolina strengthened the most important incentive of all by getting state colleges and universities to accept AP courses for college credit. The result has been a big increase both in the schools offering AP classes and the students taking them. In 1983, only 3 percent of students took an AP exam, but by 1995, the figure had risen to 11 percent, and the number of schools offering AP courses increased from 37 percent in 1983 to 70 percent in 1995.

Every state ought to follow South Carolina's lead in making AP courses more widely available and in removing financial roadblocks to offering and taking them. If states do that, they might also discover that AP offers some useful perspectives on their own standards-setting process. Once greater participation in AP becomes a goal, states will find that more of their students can meet tough AP standards than they thought possible. They will also find that greater participation in AP shifts the whole agenda of their schools towards higher academic achievement. And they might be led to rethink the link between exams and college entrance. If nearly one-third of youngsters in Germany and France and Japan take and pass four or five exams that are at least as difficult as the APs, why shouldn't our students be able to do the same? They'll need to if we expect to measure up.

Mr. Shanker's comments appear in this ad under the auspices of the American Federation of Teachers. Reader correspondence is invited. Address your letters to Mr. Shanker at the AFT, 555 New Jersey Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001. © 1996 by Albert Shanker.

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Peres will be hurt by the campaign's focus on security. "If they'd put the stress on character," he admits, "maybe they'd have a chance." But Peres has trouble connecting with the public. His affected speaking style doesn't wow audiences. He appears uncomfortable with campaign strategy and with attacking his opponent.

The most anxious people in the country could be the pollsters. Two weeks before the elections, all major surveys show Peres ahead by 4-6 percent. But, as Dafna Goldberg-Anaby of Gallup Israel admitted to me, there are "black holes." The ultra-Orthodox, presumed to support Netanyahu heavily, "don't like to be interviewed." The Israeli Arab vote, once in Peres's pocket, turned volatile after the Lebanon operation, with many Arabs considering casting blank ballots for prime minister. And, says Goldberg-Anaby, "we have no experience with the new electoral system," no past patterns from which to judge trends or predict which way the undecided will move.

In the final days, the parties have hesitatingly gotten meaner. Likud screened footage of terror attacks. Labor spots warned that Netanyahu would reignite the Intifada, wreck four years of prosperity and put Israel "flat on its face."

For undecided voters, both sides' negative messages sound plausible. Walking out of the banquet hall at the Great Synagogue at midnight, I flag a taxi. The cabby is in his 30s, with a working-class accent, the pollsters' profile of a Likud supporter. "Who'll you vote for?" I ask. "The truth, I got no idea," he answers. "Listen, Bibi is a zero. It's all color and acting. With him we'll have a war. And Peres would give back everything." On Election Day, he'll decide which man scares him less.

GERSHOM GORENBERG is the op-ed editor of *The Jerusalem Report.*

America's money-starved campaigns.

BAD CONTRIBUTION

By Norman Ornstein

When Newt Gingrich suggested recently that the problem with campaigns was the shortage of money in them, liberals reacted as if he had condemned Mother Teresa or called for repealing the laws of physics. More evidence, they muttered, of Newt's twisted view of the world. But guess what? Newt was right. Decades of earnest good government crusades to dramatically restrict the money available to candidates have backfired, creating a playing field where a Steve Forbes, a Michael Huffington or any other candidate with bottomless pockets can dominate or at least distort the campaigns for our most significant offices, flouting the rules which bind other, cash-poor contenders.

Now we're on the verge of another bout of campaign finance reform. The major networks have all agreed to provide some free air time to the presidential candidates this fall. And a bipartisan overhaul of congressional funding, proposed by conservative Republican Senator John McCain of Arizona and liberal Democratic Senator Russell Feingold of Wisconsin, received a ringing endorsement from President Clinton in his State of the Union message and is building impressive support among lawmakers and citizens' groups. Give McCain and Feingold credit: they've stuck their necks out for reform, taking catcalls from both sides of the aisle. But, despite a number of worthwhile features, their bill relies on the same hoary and misguided principle that has driven campaign finance reform for decades: the less money the better. It is time to rethink that notion.

The two-decade-old effort to drain the money out of American politics has, in large measure, succeeded. We have tough limits on what individuals can give, unadjusted for inflation; we have bans on corporate giving and strict limits on contributions from political action committees. But these reforms have not, as any of the activists trying to pass new restrictions will tell you, rooted out corruption, ended incumbent advantages or reduced candidates' obsession with raising money.

Why not? Because reducing the supply of money without addressing the demand for money is a recipe for disaster. In a large, diverse and cacophonous society where the costs of effective communication are rising rapidly, campaigns for political office, like campaigns for any other product, cost a lot of money. Yet previous reforms have dramatically reduced the available sources. If the latest effort bans PACs, caps spending and requires that candidates raise 50 percent or more of their money in-state—the foundations of McCain/Feingold—it will make matters worse. Temptations to corruption will increase—hitting up business and labor officials and their families one by one to replace PAC contributions (in a fashion much less amenable to disclosure), laundering out-of-state funds into the state, finding "in-kind" ways to spread the message without directly spending money. And, of course, reforms that make it harder to raise money will benefit multimillionaire candidates who do not need to.

Rather than trying, quixotically, to drive money out of politics, campaign laws should create incentives for candidates to raise the right kinds of money—money from individual small donors rather than interest groups seeking influence and money that makes it easier for challengers to take on entrenched incumbents. Here are some ways to do that.

Tax credits for small individual contributions. Before the 1986 tax reform act, the tax code allowed a 50 percent credit for a federal campaign contribution of up to $100. For the past nine years, there has been none, and

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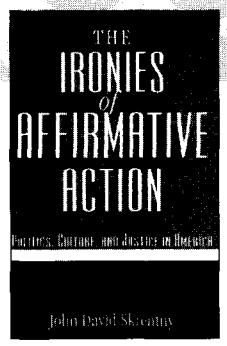
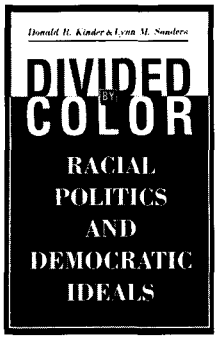
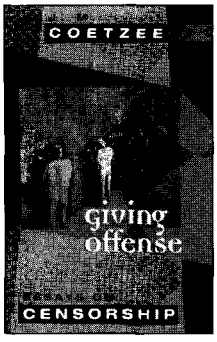
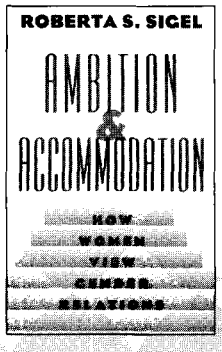
READING THE ISSUES









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small individual contributions, the kind that rarely demand political favors in return, have steadily declined. Put in a 100 percent tax credit for a $100 contribution, and we will see small individual contributions go up and candidates spend more of their time seeking them and less trolling for PAC money.

Don't outlaw PACs, tax them. Banning political action committees is certainly unconstitutional and probably unwise, since candidates will simply go directly to the wealthy individuals who used to give through PACs—a type of solicitation less easily monitored. A better way to alter the playing field is to tax PACs, requiring them, say, to pay 50 cents for every dollar they contribute. That money could in turn be used to defray the costs of tax credits for small contributions.

Tie broadcast incentives to small individual contributions. The impending "digital revolution" in broadcasting provides an unmatched opportunity to free up resources to candidates without resorting to direct grants of airtime. Within the next few years, there will be six digital channels available for every existing analog television channel. As these new channels, a dramatic expansion of the public airwaves, are distributed to broadcasters, providing a huge financial boon, it will be possible to secure public interest commitments in return—namely, commitments to provide broadcast time, radio and television, to candidates for Congress.

Here's how networks should allot the time: once a congressional candidate has raised $25,000 in in-state contributions of $100 or less, any such contribution will receive a matching voucher that can be used for radio or television spots. This accomplishes several goals at once. It undercuts the enormous edge of the independently wealthy candidates—the Michael Huffingtons—who would probably not be able to raise large sums from small individual contributors and would not qualify for the additional broadcast time. It also dilutes the inherent advantages of incumbents, who have no intrinsic edge in raising small individual contributions, as they do with PACs, who tend to give to those who've already helped them on legislation. Make this change, and candidates would have huge new incentives to raise money from average voters in their states, without being coerced to do so, and in the process they would sharply expand the pool of voters with a stake in the campaign.

A frank for challengers—with a twist. Instead of eliminating the frank—the free, district-wide mailing allowed members of Congress—expand it to challengers, but with this caveat. During election season, each incumbent and challenger would be given an opportunity to send out two district-wide mailings, but with the proviso that the messages would be bundled together. Voters would thus get a communication from both candidates, allowing them to compare and contrast, in the kind of package that they might actually read.

"Seed money" to get challengers started. Right now, the limit on individual contributions to campaigns is $1,000 (or about $250, based on its real value when the limit was imposed more than two decades ago). We should raise that limit to account for inflation. But we should do more. What if campaigns were allowed at early stages to raise up to $100,000 in individual contributions of up to $10,000? Such contributions would have to be promptly disclosed, to both election officials and the media, allowing voters to judge whether the candidates were being "bought" by a handful of wealthy contributors. At the same time, potential challengers, who often choose not to run because of the war chests built up by incumbents, could make themselves immediately viable by finding ten well-to-do individuals willing to give them a chance.

There is now a general consensus, in many areas of governmental oversight, that, to be successful, regulation must make use of rather than contradict market forces. Another round of campaign finance reform that ignores this lesson will simply fuel greater popular alienation, along with calls for term limits and other counterproductive measures. Americans today harbor a strong, and appropriate, mistrust of the rules by which politicians seek office. It should be effectively harnessed, not betrayed.

NORMAN ORNSTEIN is a resident scholar at The American Enterprise Institute.

MONROVIA POSTCARD

MAMBA KINGS

By Joshua Hammer

On the streets outside, it was another day of chaos, and inside Monrovia's Mamba Point Hotel the guests were getting restless. Alex Willoughby, 47, a Rhodesian army veteran turned wartime entrepreneur, paced the living room, kicking back one tumbler of Johnny Walker after another. A heavyset man with long gray hair, a thick black mustache and a face blotched with fiery blisters—the result, he said, of an unspecified war injury—Alex had been shipping goods at the Monrovia port when all hell broke loose. Now he was spending most of his time slumped on a couch in the Mamba Point lounge, chain-smoking looted Lucky Strikes, listening to gunfire and yelling on the phone to his partners. "I can't just sit here for two goddam weeks doing nothing. I'll run myself into the ground," he was saying. "Let's get those two containers of tires out to Ghana and then down to Zambia, goddamit!"

That tires, or anything else, would leave Monrovia seemed highly unlikely. Eight days earlier, in early April, Liberia's capital had been gutted by the worst violence since civil war broke out in December 1989, violence that continues, sporadically, now. On Easter weekend, "Gen-

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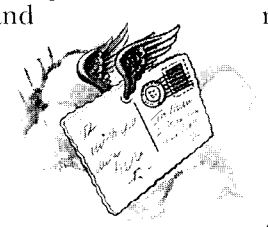
eral" Roosevelt Johnson, a powerful warlord within the Krahn tribe, had defied an arrest warrant for murder issued by Liberia's transitional government—a shaky coalition of rival strongmen. Johnson broke through a police cordon with a gang of heavily armed followers who rampaged through downtown Monrovia and then holed up in an old army barracks known as the Barclay Training Center. All week, Johnson's fighters had exchanged fire with the militias of government leaders Charles Taylor and Alhaji Kromah. As the battles raged around the barracks, teenage fighters looted the city. Mamba Point was one of the worst-hit areas. It contained both the compounds of Western relief agencies and the beachfront homes of the Lebanese businessmen who've dominated Monrovia's commerce for a half century.

One of them, a man named Shawi Bsaibes, owns the Mamba Point Hotel. A gregarious Lebanese Christian, Bsaibes arrived with the most recent wave of Lebanese émigrés to hit West Africa. The first group came between 1900 and 1914, boarding ships in Beirut bound for Monrovia, Freetown, Dakar and other West African ports to escape forced conscription into the Ottoman army. They thrived—dealing uncut diamonds and trading raw materials from the African interior for imported goods from Europe and the Middle East—and other Lebanese followed. Bsaibes was a teenage gunman fighting with a Phalangist militia in east Beirut in 1982, when an uncle arranged his passage to Monrovia. At first he owned a pizza parlor. When the Liberian civil war reached the capital in 1990 and 1992, causing massive destruction, hundreds of the 3,000 Lebanese in Monrovia left for more stable West African countries or for Beirut. Not Bsaibes. Convinced that Liberia's warlords had exhausted themselves, he borrowed a small fortune and in late 1993 opened the thirty-room Mamba Point Hotel.



Though his friends said he was crazy, Bsaibes insisted he knew what he was doing. Then, last month, fighting broke out in Mamba Point, and four dozen Lebanese were taken hostage by Johnson at the army barracks. Bsaibes put his wife and two young sons on a U.S. Army helicopter bound for neighboring Sierra Leone. From there they would continue to Lebanon. But despite his wife's entreaties he remained with his brother to watch over the hotel. "I've invested everything I have in this place," he told me. "Where else am I gonna go?"

I had phoned Bsaibes—an old friend—from the United States Embassy in Mamba Point on Sunday, April 14, a week after the fighting started. The U.S. Army, which had flown a pool of reporters into Monrovia on a helicopter from Freetown, had given us twenty-four hours to find accommodation outside the embassy or leave Monrovia on another chopper. Was everything okay at the hotel? I asked. No problem, he said. Could he put us up for a few days? One hour later, Bsaibes arrived at the gates in a pickup truck, surrounded by hired bodyguards. We drove through streets littered with broken glass, rubble and dead bodies. Three hundred yards down the hill stood Bsaibes's seafront hotel, a three-story building that once served as a U.S. Embassy residence. "Welcome to Monrovia," he said with a wry smile. "Paradise by the sea."

I was astonished to find the place virtually unscathed. As I soon discovered, Bsaibes's decision to stay behind had probably saved his hotel from ruin. On Thursday, April 11, stoned gunmen from Taylor's faction invaded his premises twelve times. They held Bsaibes up at gunpoint and drove off with twenty vehicles stashed by friends in his lot. Yet Bsaibes managed to keep them from ripping the place apart. "You need a strategy to deal with these people," he said, pouring me a glass of cold Star beer at his handsome mahogany bar as the occasional AK-47 gunshot crackled outside. "You give them the cars—one by one, to stall for time. Then you give them watches, cash, a few TVs. You always meet them at the front gate. Whatever you do, never, never let them upstairs into the hotel."

In the days since his compound was invaded, Bsaibes had gotten things under control. He won over Taylor's local "commander" with a generous payoff. Now the same gunmen who had looted Bsaibes's parking lot were serving as his bodyguards for $10 a day. Except for the U.S. Embassy, guarded by Navy Seals, the hotel remained the safest establishment in Monrovia.

In the midst of desolation, the Mamba Point was a virtual oasis. Bsaibes had stockpiled enough fuel to keep his generator running for three weeks. He had kept a supply of fresh water in case the city's water system broke down—as it did two days into the fighting. He paid off his contacts in Taylor's forces to keep the kitchen stocked with a steady supply of food and beverages. Every morning gunmen strode through the Mamba Point's lounge laden down with cases of Star beer and Coca-Cola, cartons of fresh orange juice and fresh seafood. The resulting scene verged on the surreal. As 60,000 homeless Liberians huddled in abandoned buildings and foraged for food during lulls in the fighting, the dozen journalists and handful of other guests in the Mamba Point Hotel dined each night in air-conditioned comfort. The nightly menu: broiled lobsters with garlic-butter sauce, chilled chablis and cold Star served by the hotel chef from Shanghai, Mr. Ming, who had refused an offer to be evacuated the week before. Like Bsaibes, he had nowhere else to go.

I stayed at the Mamba Point Hotel for five days. Each day the war seemed to encroach further. One afternoon, fighting broke out on the beach in front of the compound; thirty of Taylor's troops, led by a drunken commander, fired their AK-47s and rocket-propelled grenades at a gang of Krahns who attempted to advance from the barracks along the seafront. Inside the Mamba Point, two young girls—half Liberian, half Dutch—cowered in the lounge as gunfire shook the walls. Their father was overseas when the fighting started, their mother trapped on Bushrod Island, across the Mesurado River from Mamba Point. They hadn't heard from her in nearly two weeks.

The next morning—my last in Monrovia—the fighting

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got worse. Just behind the hotel, thick clouds of smoke billowed from an abandoned UNICEF compound struck by a rocket-propelled grenade. As the acrid fumes wafted through the hotel windows, four sweat-soaked gunmen fresh from the fighting trudged up the stairs and demanded beer. A blue-bereted "general" clutching a grenade launcher grinned at a CNN report on the fighting—featuring action-packed footage of himself.

Alex was pacing the living room again as I brought my bags and flak jacket downstairs for the short ride to the U.S. Embassy, where a chopper was waiting for me. "I've got to get out of here," he muttered, sipping from a glass of scotch. "I'm a businessman. I'm trying to help this country. But I've lost $780,000 investing in this country so far. If I don't get those containers to Zambia, I'll be finished." I wished him good luck. He shook my hand warmly and gave me a 1965 Liberian silver dollar to remember him by. Across the room, Bsaibes stood behind the bar, trying, as always, to keep a volatile situation under control. "You're a star," said Bsaibes, pouring the hyped-up commander a glass of Star. "Have a beer on the house."

JOSHUA HAMMER is *Newsweek*'s Nairobi bureau chief.

Scrap the ABM Treaty.

GO BALLISTIC

By Frank J. Gaffney Jr.

Thirty-six years ago, a Democrat won the White House while falsely claiming that the United States was falling behind the Soviet Union in an arms race measured by inventories of long-range ballistic missiles. In 1996, a real, if somewhat different "missile gap" has developed—and this time it is the Republicans who are positioned to exploit its potent political implications in a presidential election year.

Today, the United States and its allies are confronting the burgeoning proliferation of ballistic missiles capable of delivering nuclear, chemical or biological weapons of mass destruction over increasingly great distances. Yet we have no deployed means of shooting down even a single missile fired at us.

The gravity of this missile defense gap was brought home on January 24 when *The New York Times* gave prominent treatment to an extraordinary threat from the Chinese. As Beijing prepared last fall to renew its intimidation campaign against Taiwan, China's leaders used a trusted intermediary—former U.S. ambassador and Assistant Secretary of Defense Chas Freeman—to convey a menacing message to National Security Adviser Anthony Lake. According to the *Times*, "a Chinese official ... assert[ed] that China could act militarily against Taiwan without fear of intervention by the United States because American leaders 'care more about Los Angeles than they do about Taiwan,' a statement that Mr. Freeman characterized as an indirect threat by China to use nuclear weapons against the United States."

The *Times* went on to report that "Mr. Freeman said he has relayed a number of warnings to United States government officials. 'I have quoted senior Chinese who told me' that China 'would sacrifice millions of men and entire cities to assure the unity of China and who opined that the United States would not make comparable sacrifices.' He also asserted that 'some in Beijing may be prepared to engage in nuclear blackmail against the U.S. to insure that Americans do not obstruct' efforts by the People's Liberation Army 'to defend the principles of Chinese sovereignty over Taiwan and Chinese national unity.' "

Unfortunately, China's threat of "nuclear blackmail" is credible precisely because of the missile defense gap. Beijing indisputably has thermonuclear-armed intercontinental-range ballistic missiles. If one were fired at an American population center today, the U.S. military could do nothing to prevent it from arriving with devastating effect. We are equally unprepared for the possibility that political instability or mishaps could produce an unauthorized or accidental launch of one (or perhaps more) of the 1,432 strategic ballistic missiles still fielded by the former Soviet Union.

Meanwhile, the Clinton administration's most recent assessment of the danger of a ballistic missile attack on the United States addresses only an artificially circumscribed threat: How long would it take a developing nation to produce indigenously ballistic missiles of sufficient range to attack the continental United States? By excluding the distinct possibility that such states will take advantage of the international market in long-range ballistic missiles and simply buy them and by ignoring the fact that North Korea, say, could hit Alaska and Hawaii with less-than-intercontinental-range missiles, the administration was able to conclude that the U.S. would be safe from missile attack for fifteen years. But as James Woolsey, the former CIA director under Clinton, put it: "Using an estimate that focuses on the ICBM threat to the contiguous forty-eight states to make general judgments about our need for ballistic missile defenses is ... akin to saying that because we believe that for the next number of years local criminals will not be able to blow up police headquarters in the District of Columbia, there is no serious threat to the safety and security of police in the District."

The Clinton administration's apparent equanimity is particularly strange, given the fact that it has been so attentive to Israeli concerns about the Jewish state's vulnerability to missile attack. Such concerns are well founded since Israel is surrounded by nations like Syria, Iraq, Iran and Libya, ever more capable of attacking her with ballistic missile-delivered chemical, biological and radiological (if not nuclear) weapons. As a result, a joint U.S.-Israeli program to develop the Arrow ground-based

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anti-missile interceptor has received high priority in both capitals. Other promising anti-missile defense technologies being pursued by the two countries include a laser weapon that has demonstrated the capability to shoot down short-range Katyusha rockets like those Hezbollah fires at northern Israel and an aircraft-based system, still in development, that is designed to shoot ballistic missiles down during the first part of their trajectory. Can the administration really be so shortsighted that it wants the American people to become as vulnerable to missile attack as the Israelis are today before it gets equally serious about defending America?

President Clinton's refusal to begin deployment of U.S. anti-missile defenses is not really motivated by misperceptions of the threat. In fact, Clinton has said that the proliferation of weapons of mass destruction and their delivery systems constitutes "an unusual and extraordinary threat to the national security, foreign policy and economy of the United States." And for two years running he has issued an executive order declaring "a national emergency to deal with that threat."

The real reason the White House determinedly opposes the prompt deployment of U.S. anti-missile systems is the Anti-Ballistic Missile (ABM) Treaty, which the administration continues to regard as "the cornerstone of strategic stability." This agreement was signed in 1972 with a country, the Soviet Union, that now no longer exists. It explicitly prohibits the deployment of effective "strategic" missile defenses on the parties' territories. The underlying theory—at least for the United States—was that assured vulnerability to nuclear retaliation would dissuade either party from initiating an attack.

The belief that the 1972 ABM Treaty remains indispensable in today's very different world is an *idée fixe* for the Clinton team. This despite the fact that the Soviet Union's successor no longer has an effective monopoly on ballistic missile-delivered weapons of mass destruction. What it does have is the world's only deployed territorial anti-missile defense, a system that includes large, internetted, phased-array radars and thousands of illegal mobile missile interceptors as well as a legal ABM deployment around Moscow. Even authors of the 1972 agreement like Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger have recognized the need to move beyond it.

Fortunately, the Republicans in Congress have adopted a stance far more in sync than the White House's with strategic realities. As Republican Senator Thad Cochran of Mississippi put it in response to one of the president's recent radio addresses: "The bottom line for Republicans on the ABM Treaty is very simple: we seek to cooperate with Russia, but ultimately the defense of our country is more important than the defense of a treaty that puts our country at risk."

What is more, those in favor of providing such a defense quickly, effectively and in a manner consistent with budgetary restraint are now able to offer a means of doing just that. Despite highly publicized estimates by the Congressional Budget Office suggesting that a ballistic missile system will cost between $31 and $60 billion, thanks to the nearly $50 billion invested in the U.S. Navy's AEGIS fleet air defense system, the United States already has deployed the key ingredients for a global anti-missile capability. According to a blue-ribbon committee sponsored by the Heritage Foundation, for an additional investment of just $2-3 billion over the next five years, twenty-two cruisers and 650 of their surface-to-air missiles could be modified to enable them to intercept ballistic missiles in flight. Had the *U.S.S. Bunker Hill*—an AEGIS cruiser deployed off Taiwan during the recent crisis—been so equipped, it could not only have protected Taiwan against the missiles Beijing fired in the direction of the island's two main ports, it could also have defended the American people had China acted on its threat and launched an ICBM toward the United States. As a straightforward evolution of an existing military capability, this Navy wide-area defense system is neither particularly costly nor particularly challenging technologically. It bears no resemblance to the exotic, space-based weapons mocked by critics as "Star Wars."

Unfortunately, the Clinton administration seems determined to prevent this promising sea-based missile defense program from coming to fruition. In the face of strong support on Capitol Hill for what is known as the Navy "Upper Tier" program—evidenced by, among other things, a congressional add-on of $170 million in fiscal year 1996—the administration has sought to slow the program down dramatically. It has also adopted design limitations that would minimize the area the AEGIS system can defend. And, perhaps most disturbingly, it has pursued amendments to the ABM Treaty that would afford the Russians a veto over deployments of even Upper Tier assets constrained so as to be capable of shooting down only shorter-range, "theater" ballistic missile threats.

House Speaker Newt Gingrich has described the struggle to deploy effective missile defenses as "the most important national defense debate since Churchill argued for building radar" during the peacetime years leading to World War II. The analogy is an apt one. By insisting that a critical defensive technology be built before the need for it arose, the allies were able to make use of radar when it did. Had Churchill not prevailed, radar would surely have been developed and fielded later on. But the costs measured in lives, property and national treasure would have been infinitely higher.

Today, the United States faces a similar reality. Given the inexorably growing threat of ballistic missile attack against the U.S., its allies and forces overseas, it is certain that effective, global anti-missile defenses will be put into place to close the missile defense gap. The only remaining question is: Will it—as with Churchill's radar—be before we need it, or after?

FRANK J. GAFFNEY JR. is the director of the Center for Security Policy in Washington.

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THE MIND OF THE UNABOMBER

By Maggie Scarf

On an ordinary Wednesday morning in early April, Houston psychiatrist Stuart Yudofsky was in session with a patient when someone began knocking urgently at his office door. It was Yudofsky's secretary, saying there was a caller on the line who had to be responded to immediately.

"Should I come out or will you put the call through?" asked Dr. Yudofsky. She told him that she'd put the call through but added that he might want to be sitting down when he took it.

The caller was an FBI agent. "I don't want to alarm you excessively, Doctor," the agent said, "but in the process of going through the home of Theodore Kaczynski in Montana we discovered a list—we have reason to believe this is a hit list—and your name was on it. And next to your name it was noted that you are a professor and the chairman of the department of psychiatry and behavioral sciences at Baylor, and that you are the editor-in-chief of the *Journal of Neuropsychiatry and Clinical Neurosciences.*"

"There were also some annotations about an article in *Scientific American,*" continued the agent, "in which you were quoted, and your work was discussed." Given that a live pipe bomb had been discovered on the Kaczynski premises, there was "some concern" about a chance—remote, to be sure—that the physician might have been sent a letter or mail bomb within the past several weeks. Yudofsky was asked to alert his staff, his family and the college's security force and to monitor scrupulously all letters and packages that arrived at his home or his office.

In the course of that first conversation, as Yudofsky later recounted, he had asked the agent only one question: Exactly how many names had been found on Theodore Kaczynski's list? "I guess my first reaction was, you know, simply wanting to calculate the odds," he told me, with a brief, somewhat embarrassed laugh. "And the FBI agent answered that there had been in the neighborhood of some twenty names on that list."

How far down on that prospective victims list, I asked Yudofsky, had his own name appeared? The psychiatrist paused briefly then said again that he hadn't asked. "But I did wonder, at the time...," he added, his voice hesitant. "I really did have many, many questions, but my patient was waiting and did need me.... And, besides, I was stunned."

The psychiatrist's office staff was deeply shaken also. Given their daily routines, they realized that the Unabomber's lethal package would have been far likelier to blow up in the face of someone other than the technological/industrial target to whom it was addressed. As one of Dr. Yudofsky's secretaries later told me, it is she and her office mate who usually open the mail; she then added, in a strained voice, that two of the people injured in previous explosions were secretaries. "I've become really preoccupied by the 'almosts,' " she said. "It's just alarming to know that you've brushed this close to a disaster."

For Yudofsky's family, too, the news was alarming. The Yudofskys have three daughters, ranging in age from 7 to 15. He and his wife, who is also a psychiatrist, were extremely careful about how they explained the matter to the children. They said that there had indeed been a threat, but that the suspected criminal was now in custody and that their father was not going to be harmed. "Still," recounted Stuart Yudofsky, "at the end of this long family discussion, in which we'd stressed that everything was really okay, I started walking back toward the kitchen, and my 7-year-old, Emily, suddenly burst into tears. 'Daddy, no one's going to blow you up, are they, Daddy?' she was crying, and she ran after me and held me tightly by the legs."

"Well, what she feared wasn't out of the realm of the possible," Yudofsky continued. "I'm very aware that we had been, all unwittingly, heading for some kind of a catastrophe ... of the fact that our escaping it was due to chance, that it was principally a question of the timing. And this makes me feel doubly terrible for those who were hurt. When I read David Gelernter's essay in *Time* magazine I felt such an awful sadness ... it was beyond words."

Multiple serial murderers, like predators in nature, usually fix upon quarry that is perceived to be vulnerable in some way—women (often prostitutes), children and the elderly; individuals who are socially isolated, lonely or needy. In this respect, the victims of the Unabomber were an unusual group, a victims' A-list, for every one of them was clearly thriving in his career, and some had achieved a certain degree of

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prominence in their respective fields.

Why had Stuart Yudofsky, in particular, turned up on the alleged Unabomber's lethal roll call? When I asked the psychiatrist about this, he said that he was as puzzled as anyone. But we do know that one of the serial bomber's pet hatreds was the study of genetics, and Yudofsky is a research psychiatrist interested in the neural substructure of human aggression. His major research interest has been the study and treatment of certain psychiatric symptoms—particularly rage attacks—that often accompany damage to the brain (for example, that caused by traumatic brain injuries, stroke, seizure disorders and diseases such as Alzheimer's).

Most recently Dr. Yudofsky has been studying the actions of certain potent brain chemicals (most importantly the neurotransmitter serotonin) as part of an effort to reveal the connection between particular inborn genetic defects and the emergence of aggressive and violent behavior. It was in regard to this "hot" area of brain research that Stuart Yudofsky's name appeared in the March 1995 issue of *Scientific American*.

In an article headlined "CAN SCIENCE 'CURE' CRIME?" Yudofsky is quoted as saying, "With the expected advances ... [from this new research] ... we're going to be able to diagnose many people who are biologically brain-prone to violence.... I'm not worried about the downside as much as I am encouraged by the opportunity to prevent tragedies—to screen people who might have high risk and prevent them from harming someone else."

It was probably this article that first caught the Unabomber's attention and aroused his ire toward Yudofsky, for here was technology at its most fundamental and intrusive: high-powered research into the substructure of the human brain—the criminal brain—itself.

ILLUSTRATION BY JEFF WONG FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Was it, as many people believe, the Unabomber's overweening vanity—his pressing need to remind us all that he was the wiliest, most sophisticated and terrifying bomber in the nation—that ultimately exposed him? Certainly, it was in the wake of Oklahoma City that the serial murderer suddenly found a voice—a mocking, embittered voice, bubbling with self-righteous rage, but a distinctive voice nonetheless.

Until then, he had been striking out at a despised society for seventeen years without ever making the nature of his grievances clear. In the agonized aftermath of the Oklahoma explosion, though, he seemed to need to command our attention, to say, "I exist, and you forget me at your peril." In quick succession, another bomb, several taunting letters (one to David Gelernter), some threatening notes (among them, a threat to blow up an airliner) and his grandiose, rambling manifesto followed. The Unabomber had once again transfixed the attention of the nation; but, in doing so, he had emerged just far enough from the shelter of his silence to allow himself to be identified.

Given the type and amount of evidence gathered in the alleged Unabomber's Montana shack, the FBI does appear to have its man. What we still don't know, in any psychological detail, is why he did what he did. And why, after seventeen years of secret attacks, did the Unabomber break cover and begin to explain himself? Did Kaczynski, as some journalists have suggested, have the "urge to purge" himself—that is, did he want to be caught? Or did he yearn to prove himself ever more brilliant and elusive by dancing closer and closer to the edge of discovery?

One explanation, which many find satisfactory, is that the Unabomber is just plain crazy—a "full-service maniac," as Joe Klein of *Newsweek* phrased it. *Time*

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advanced the idea that suspected Unabomber Theodore J. Kaczynski's strange life story was "the Odyssey of a Mad Genius."

But the question remains (and it is a question that experts in psychiatry and the law have wrangled about endlessly over the years): Is bizarre behavior of this kind to be understood as lying within the realm of "madness" or of "badness"? Is this serial terrorist who is responsible for twenty-three injuries and three deaths to be viewed as someone fundamentally deranged or, as one of his victims, Yale professor David Gelernter, has called him, "an evil coward"?

If, in an effort to distinguish between "what is mad" and "what is bad," one turns to the psychiatric literature on homicide, the pickings are surprisingly sparse, especially when compared to the vast literature on suicide. An excellent exception, however, is a new book called *Homicide: A Psychiatric Perspective*, by Carl P. Malmquist, M.D., M.S. Dr. Malmquist is a forensic psychiatrist who states in his preface that he has "personally evaluated" over 500 individuals who have committed homicide. He argues that murderers are frequently not "mad" in the formal sense of the word—that is, they are generally not suffering from schizophrenia or some other psychotic illness that leads them to experience hallucinations, delusions or both. When it comes to psychiatric disorders, a much larger number of murderers meet the diagnostic criteria for one or more of the severe personality disorders (e.g. Borderline Personality Disorder, Antisocial Personality Disorder, Narcissistic Personality Disorder and so forth).

In my own view, the diagnosis of Narcissistic Personality Disorder seems to be the most illuminating explanation of the Unabomber's seemingly incomprehensible behavior.

Narcissistic Personality Disorder, as delineated in *DSM-IV* (the most recent version of the American Psychiatric Association's *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders*), is "A pervasive pattern of grandiosity (in fantasy or behavior), need for admiration, and lack of empathy beginning by early adulthood and present in a variety of contexts...." The characteristic features of narcissistic disturbances are, in brief, an overinflated sense of uniqueness, self-importance and personal entitlement.

The narcissistic person is, nevertheless, deeply injured at the core and suffering from sorely depleted supplies of self-esteem. His overweening grandiosity is, for this reason, intermingled with a sense of inner emptiness and painful feelings of unworthiness, despair and desolation. His internal world contains only two views of the self: he is either great, powerful, brilliant, the very best, or he is a nothing—someone who is not at all special, a nobody. And since being nobody exceptional or special is experienced as profoundly threatening—it may indeed be equated with an annihilation of the self—the narcissistic person experiences an ever-present tension and inner pressure, which will fluctuate in intensity over the course of time, sometimes proving manageable and at other times completely intolerable.

Narcissists are hungry, voraciously in need of adulation—but theirs is a kind of hunger that can never, under any circumstances, be fully sated. For, even in instances where the narcissist does earn applause for what may be very real accomplishments and talents, the intensity of his needs for admiration and praise—which are never going to be met at the required level—eventually leave him feeling estranged, barren, depressed and resentful. And frequently, as his suffering intensifies, a brooding anger (he is not receiving his due!) begins to grow and develop. He looks for the person, or situation, to blame for his terrible pain.

"Narcissistic components are present more frequently in homicides than is usually believed," writes Malmquist. "The key seems to be an experience of some type of threat to one's vulnerable self that becomes magnified far beyond the nature of the threat."

One can imagine young Teddy John Kaczynski, the precociously bright little "genius" of the household, as he grew up and slowly retreated into adolescent fantasies of the wonderful mathematician he would one day become. And one can picture the emotionally immature Harvard undergraduate, so morbidly isolated that he seems to have become invisible; hardly anyone who knew him there can remember a thing about him (aside from the stench of garbage emanating from his room). It is in fact not hard to envisage why and how a pathologically shy, relatively poor young man from the Midwest, who was suddenly encountering other people just as smart and gifted—perhaps more so, and socially competent, too—might have withdrawn completely to nurture his soothingly self-inflating fantasies in private.

As Malmquist writes,

> [N]arcissistic individuals may develop an indifferent or cool exterior as an initial response to threats to their self-esteem. However, when their composure gives way, it is striking to see the intensity of their anger and their need for revenge.... [T]he trigger can be when the narcissistic individual perceives people or organizations as not living up to his or her expectations, following which the narcissistic individual perceives them as behaving badly.... Such individuals then develop a sense of self-righteous morality or take up causes to reform others, both of which reactions only thinly conceal their power-seeking needs.

The narcissist's special vulnerability is linked to his conviction that he is someone special and to his vast sense of entitlement. He feels he is supposed to be recognized not only for his remarkable talents and gifts but for his superior qualities; he is someone quite distinctive, far better and brighter than any and all of his peers. But if such recognition isn't forthcoming—if he isn't being endlessly admired or, worse yet, is receiving outright criticism—the stage is gradually set

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for depressive feelings to leak into consciousness and then perhaps for impulsive acting out to occur. It is at this juncture that the narcissistically compromised person's anger may begin to kindle and eventually erupt in acts that are either curiously destructive to the self (such as Kaczynski's sudden resignation from his academic career) or senselessly destructive to others.

Did Kaczynski impulsively bolt from the Berkeley faculty in 1969 because his need for recognition of his total and complete superiority was not being gratified? Did Kaczynski realize that, while he was a competent and hardworking mathematician, he was never going to be counted among the great mathematicians of our time—to be appreciated as someone who towered, by everyone's reckoning, above all others in the field?

Or did he decide to leave academia because he was so harshly criticized by his students? Assistant Professor Kaczynski's students had complained, in their course evaluations, that his lectures were "useless and right from the book" and that he completely refused to answer questions and ignored the questioners. To the individual suffering from NPD, any criticism, however mild, is experienced as utterly intolerable.

And as forensic expert Malmquist notes, the narcissist's perception that he is being criticized or threatened usually leads him to "singl[e] out someone or something in the external world which becomes viewed as the source of the hostile aggression." That aggressor "might actually be a person or situation that develops because of the narcissistic person's sensitivity."

The narcissist's sensitivities are enormous. Any hint of a negative reaction arouses such intense feelings of shame and humiliation that it may undermine his sense of self profoundly (hence, one supposes, the Unabomber's final withdrawal from a social world in which we all have to endure our occasional bumps and put-downs). "When narcissistically vulnerable individuals are put in extreme positions where their self-esteem is severely threatened," writes Malmquist, "they seem to respond in two ways: via a shame mechanism that leads to withdrawal and hiding, or via an outburst of rage that leads to some aggressive action."

Perhaps, when the hermit-mathematician struck out in the bizarre fashion that he did, it was his only means of asserting that he was truly alive—of saying, "I am intact, I am special, and I am important." The string of unexplained bombs, the taunting letters and finally the anti-technology diatribe that capped the sequence may well have been part of a desperate attempt to deliver this bulletin: "You'd better recognize me as someone uniquely clever and powerful, because you fail to do so at your own peril."

Was the Unabomber, in the wake of the Oklahoma explosion, feeling isolated and ignored—was he clamoring, at that moment, for some fresh acknowledgement of his own special place in the fantasy life of this nation? His pressing need was to point out the stupidity of others—to let us know that he was not only an immensely gifted person, able to elude an 18-year-old manhunt and force *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* to publish his manifesto—but a gifted person bringing us a special message.

This need, a godlike need—for the theme of grandiosity permeates his behavior—was to educate us and explain how we were going astray. At first, he rained down catastrophes like an angry deity, without telling us what we had done to deserve them. But now—since we didn't seem to be getting the point—he decided to help us out by dispatching more lethal "communications" (bombs, mocking and threatening letters, the manifesto), all of which said, essentially, "Look, stupid, it's technology that's at the heart of this society's problems—what do I have to do to get the message across?"

In paragraph forty-four of his manifesto, the Unabomber writes, "[F]or most people it is through the power process—having a goal, making an AUTONOMOUS effort and attaining the goal—that self-esteem, self-confidence and a sense of power are acquired. When one does not have adequate opportunity to go through the power process the consequences are ... boredom, demoralization, low self-esteem, inferiority feelings, defeatism, depression, anxiety, guilt, frustration, hostility...." This, and other passages in the manifesto, have a self-revealing, deeply tormented quality.

Kaczynski certainly sought, and found, autonomy—a self-imposed solitary confinement (even in prisons, solitary confinement is viewed as punishment) during which his major social engagements consisted, if he is indeed the Unabomber, of murdering people anonymously and from a distance. But his stated moral purpose—to return our technological/industrial society to a state of "wild nature"—was ludicrously inconsistent. For in his tiny 10-by-12-foot cabin the alleged Unabomber had, as we now know, a virtual bomb factory, including books on bombmaking and hand-drawn diagrams, lengths of pipe, soldering wire and chemicals used in explosives, such as potassium chlorate, sulfur, ammonium nitrate and saltpeter. He was not exactly rubbing two sticks together to create fire. No less tellingly, the FBI found a bottle of trazodone (Desyrel), an antidepressant prescribed for people suffering from agitation, depression and sleep disorders. Wouldn't someone whose goal was to destroy our modern society, and restore a state of pre-industrial simplicity, prefer some kind of plant or herbal remedy for whatever it was that was ailing him?

In fact, if one surveys the Unabomber's trajectory over the years, it seems clear that his actual motivation was not so much to demolish technological society as it was to maim or kill certain individuals who seemed to be flourishing in that society—one in which he had no hope of ever really belonging. Paradoxically, though, it is by virtue of his exposure and capture that the Unabomber is "in the world" again, and once more at the center of our collective attention. •

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Twistings

In the press kit for **Twister** (Warner Bros. and Universal) the credits for the director and his behind-the-camera colleagues appear before the cast list. We learn the names of the Special Effects people (not to mention the Supervising Sign Writer) before we learn about the actors. This is quite proper. *Twister* is full of marvelous special effects. The story exists only to provide some respite between those marvels, like dialogue in an opera full of terrific arias.

The film was produced by Amblin Entertainment, Steven Spielberg's company, and he was one of the executives in charge. Obviously he responded to the visual opportunities in tornadoes, and with gifted colleagues he has brought it all off smartly. Except for the interludes of story—something about a divorce that doesn't happen because the couple who think they're getting divorced are both tornado freaks and find each other again in the eye of the storm—we move and move and move with the tornado watchers. Most of the time we're in a double bind: gasping at the visuals and wondering how they were done.

The place is Oklahoma. We center on a mobile governmental research group whose prime job is to get tornado warnings as quickly as possible to people who may be hit by the twister. The average warning time is now three minutes. They are working to extend the warning time to fifteen minutes. They are also working to launch a new tornado-measuring device that they have dubbed Dorothy. The subtlest touch in the script is that the name is not explained.

The least subtle touch is the bunch of villains in the story. They are headed by a Bad Meteorologist, who has stolen the Dorothy idea and wants to launch his version first. The good group has a caravan of cars and trucks that are mostly light-colored. The cars in the other caravan are all black. Remember how, in old westerns, you could tell the heavies by their black hats?

Jan De Bont, who made *Speed* live up to its title, directs efficiently. He gets small help from the screenplay by Michael Crichton and his wife, Anne-Marie Martin, which is logy and stale. Though it's boring, it's not crucial. Those storm pictures!

From the very beginnings of cinema, with Georges Méliès in the 1890s, there have been films that existed not primarily for the sake of character and human drama but for their technical wizardry. Méliès would very probably have liked the moments in *Twister* when cows and trees sail by; when houses completely disintegrate before our eyes; when a huge tanker trailer-truck whizzes through the air and crashes in flames right in front of us. And those *skies*—those immense lowering canopies of dark cloud, those whirling-dervish tornadoes.

Two small humanistic notes: all the above are made even more exciting by Mark Mancina's vigorous score and Jack N. Green's awesome cinematography.

One of the blessings of a film critic's life is that I see most of the films I choose to see at press screenings. This means that I escape the usual minor irritations of filmgoing—the conversations that persist in the row ahead, the guzzlings of pop and popcorn, the goings and comings of those without film-world toilet training, and so on. A friend of mine used to say that I had no real experience of filmgoing, that compared with the general public I was protected from all those irritations—and besides I had an unblocked view of the screen. In fact, not all screening rooms have good sightlines, but I've been thinking lately of his comment when I've gone to theaters to catch up with films I missed at press showings. It's not only that at screenings I'm spared the matters cited above: I'm spared the trailers. They are very often dreadful, distorting and hurtful to the pictures they announce.

Who puts those things together? And for whom do they think they are doing it? Are the words Lowest Common Denominator blazing in neon on the walls of their labs and studios? At any given time the range of subjects and treatments in available films is surprisingly large. But not in the trailers. Every forthcoming film must apparently be categorized as predominantly sexy or predominantly horrific, and the trailer must cram the new film into one package or the other, regardless of whatever else it may include. Sometimes touches of Group One are brushed into Group Two or vice versa, but the emphasis is still clear. And the assumed age-level of the viewer—no matter how good the film in hand—is a somewhat dim 11.

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Cold Comfort Farm. *Kate Beckinsale, Eileen Atkins, Ian McKellen and other good actors bring wit and crotchet to this adaptation of Stella Gibbons's comic novel of 1932. An airy London miss amid some rustics. (Reviewed 5/27/96)* **Flirting with Disaster.** *Buoyant all the way. And sexy. And funny. David O. Russell's comedy about a young man's search for his biological parents. (4/22/96)* **I Shot Andy Warhol.** *Valerie Solanas, the demented but disturbing feminist, moves once again through the '60s in New York. The era is tellingly recreated by Mary Harron. (5/20/96)* **Last Dance.** *Bruce Beresford directs Sharon Stone as a lowlife on death row. Echoes of "Dead Man Walking," but both Beresford and Stone are better than their counterparts in the earlier picture. (5/20/96)*—**SK**

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Often in theaters I've seen trailers of films I've already seen at press showings and I've wished I had the guts to stand up and shout: "No! Pay no attention! They're conning you with bits and pieces out of context and jumbled up! Arise, ye prisoners of distortion!" But, craven, I cower and fume; and remember the paperback edition I once had of a good novel, sensitively written, about a wife who is going through a crisis. One night, sleepless, she gets up and goes for a walk. The catchline on the cover read: "A married woman prowls the dark streets!"

That's the trailer mentality in a nutshell (where I wish it could be kept)—harmful not only because it insults good work but because it misleads the audience looking for the kind of picture that the trailer is deceptively selling. Is it good marketing to cram the 120 seconds or whatever it is with everything that can be jimmied out of a picture to make it look like previous films to which it's not related? Wouldn't it be sensible just to show, say, two thirty-second excerpts from a film so that we can get some idea of its pacing, its dialogue, its interplay of actors?

Of course some films, even some good films, fit the trailer slots easily and well. As it happened, I saw the trailer for *Twister* a week before I saw the film, and it sold the picture very well. (I'd bet that Spielberg had a hand in it.) But in a sense *Twister* was made with its trailer in mind, as are many action pictures—and many bed-sweat numbers. But most films are made otherwise; and they, too, get shoved into the trailer Osterizers, in order to shower an audience with misleading filmic confetti.

Postscript to Jarmusch. I've been reprimanded by an acquaintance for not recognizing the Blakean references in *Dead Man*, the Jim Jarmusch western whose protagonist is named William Blake. Well, it would have been pretty hard not to note that a woman early in the film is named Thel, and I assumed that some of the larger utterances were Blake-derived. But to track them down and celebrate them would have been to imply that *Dead Man* in some way shares the luminosity of Blake. Not quite. The Blake bits seem only symptoms of some vague large intent, and out of respect for the earlier Jarmusch, I thought it better to ignore them. •

Jed Perl on Art

Abstract Matters

Nothing has less to do with the art experience than a foregone conclusion, yet Mark Rosenthal, who organized "Abstraction in the Twentieth Century" at the Guggenheim Museum, doesn't seem capable of regarding the history of modern art as anything else. This immense survey of an eighty-five-year adventure that began with Kandinsky, Mondrian and Malevich was meant to show us how we arrived where we are, and the keen expectations that it inspired suggested that, although mainstream history is out of fashion, people still yearn for the big historical sweep. The show had its own kind of forward movement, but it moved right by us, because Rosenthal—who was a Consultative Curator at the Guggenheim when he embarked on the project and is now at the National Gallery—doesn't know where we are. Even before the show closed a few weeks ago, people had blotted it out of their minds, like a dream that had gone bad and was best forgotten.

"Abstraction in the Twentieth Century" was meant to be a shimmeringly pure vision, and the trouble started right there, because anything messy or ambiguous or interestingly unresolved was simply bleached out. At the beginning of the catalog Rosenthal declares that, although recent artists have parodied passages from classic abstract painting, "there is no neo-abstract movement." That comment leaves me wondering where Rosenthal has been keeping himself all these years, because we're drowning in neo-abstract styles. The most obvious is NeoGeo, but anybody who goes to the galleries has also been seeing Neo-Abstract Expressionism and Neominimalism. Most of this work is featherweight and forgettable, and I sympathize with Rosenthal's desire to believe that it doesn't exist, but you don't help matters by being oblivious.

Rosenthal, who organized the Anselm Kiefer exhibition that toured the United States in 1988, has his own version of out-with-the-old, and he's anxious for us to understand that he's not hostage to "the now-discredited role of doctrinaire

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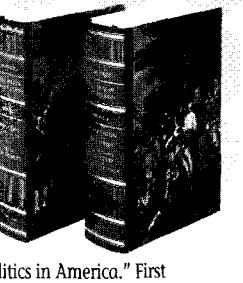

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formalism." Strangely enough, his own taste for visual impoverishment combined with theoretical uplift seems like neo-doctrinaire formalism. "Abstraction in the Twentieth Century" was one more variation on the hackneyed idea that abstract art is about removing everything from painting. The show was a broken-down one-way highway to nowhere.

The painters who invented abstract art would have never dreamed of going into a museum in order to find out what was going on (or what to do next), and Rosenthal probably meant to pay tribute to their fearlessness by subtitling his show "Total Risk, Freedom, Discipline." The phrase, which was borrowed from the sculptor Eva Hesse, certainly gave the exhibition a newsy aura of art-world S&M, but when it comes to figuring out what artists actually do, Rosenthal retreats to the most programmatic kind of lecture-hall thinking. He's incapable of believing that personal expression is anything other than the working out of historical forces. What was so appalling weren't Rosenthal's particular decisions, but his inability to bring the work together into a coherent visual experience. He seemed more concerned with what he was keeping out than with what he was putting in. Although I went expecting to disagree with some of Rosenthal's choices—which is as it should be—I left with the impression that his choices weren't based on what he liked but on what he felt he ought to like.

This curator has so little instinct for the internal coherence of classic abstract art that he couldn't even create vivid gallery arrangements with paintings by Kandinsky, Mondrian and Robert Delaunay, which in the past have looked marvelous in the Frank Lloyd Wright museum that admittedly poses unusual challenges for a curator. When it came to dealing with more recent (often larger) works, which have never fit very well in the Guggenheim's idiosyncratic spaces, Rosenthal was simply helpless. The Pollocks weren't just crowded, they were shockingly underlit. Rosenthal turned Wright's grand flow into a tortuous, stop-and-start procession. A work such as Sophie Taueber-Arp's lovely 1916-17 embroidery after a design by Jean Arp was hung without any context, so that it looked like an eccentric blip. Agnes Martin was given a protracted, deadeningly repetitive presentation, with each painting failing to make the same less-is-more point.

Even museumgoers who don't know contemporary art felt the detached mood of the show, but if you have followed recent developments you may have been a little astonished at the extent to which Rosenthal insisted on an outmoded evolutionary scheme. He's still thinking about art history as paintings lined up like dominoes, even though there isn't anything that first-rate artists can any longer agree on except that there are no guiding principles. When I'm really interested in some new work, the question that I find myself asking isn't how it fits into a historical scheme, but how the artist has arrived at his or her particular interweave of assumptions. We're in the midst of a fascinating phase in abstract art, and you wouldn't have guessed it from this programmatic, evasive show.

By now abstract art might be expected to be a tradition like any other, and there is certainly a lot of conventional thinking that gets mixed up in recent nonobjective painting. Still, the rejection of reality remains a fundamentally subversive idea. The old assumptions about stylistic evolution no longer pertain, and each artist is forced to invent a personal history of art that cuts a path straight to the studio door. An artist can be elegantly discrete about all of this, but there's something especially engaging about an abstract painter such as Joan Snyder who makes the interweave of sources nakedly evident, so that it's not only a subtext but quite frequently virtually her subject.

In her most recent abstract paintings, which were at Hirschl & Adler Modern in April and May, I felt that Snyder was quite consciously not merging all the disparate elements. She wants us to regard each scrawled flower and collaged-on bit of twig as an individual choice. Mark Rosenthal would tell you that Robert Ryman (with his long series of white-on-white canvases—each different, each the same) and the sculptor Richard Long (a sort of Ecominimalist, arranging rocks in large simple geometric shapes) are the contemporaries who grapple with the big questions. But their taste is so predictable that you can't really call it taste—they've made no choices, they're just playing by a set of rules. That's not anything that you can say about Joan Snyder, who's reaching for such a feeling of cheerful decorative elegance in her new paintings, many of which are about gardens, that she seems almost naïvely unaware of the point where her taste becomes so good that it loses its bite. I don't think that these paintings are quite at the level of some of the work that she exhibited at Hirschl & Adler Modern in 1990, but their excesses and confusions will tell you more about risk and freedom and discipline than anything from the past quarter century that was in the Guggenheim show.

Snyder isn't a great artist—the work doesn't quite have that kind of captivating internal logic—but she's a formidable painter, and her best work holds perfectly in the imagination. What makes Snyder, who's 56, so unusual is her way of giving personal exigency a formal impact. When Snyder paints she's plotting the fever charts of her moods, and we're engaged both by what she's feeling and how she's managing to get those feelings into form. It really is like reading a writer's journals or letters: I want to know what's happening to the person, but I also want to know how the first-person story is transformed into art.

For a gallerygoer who's familiar with Snyder's work, going into Hirschl & Adler Modern was like turning to the next page of this ongoing journal, where the same geometric or painterly forms, stylized trees or flowers, and found objects reappear, only presented with a somewhat different emphasis or attack. In many of the recent paintings—they're mostly around five feet high—Snyder is doing yet another series of variations on one of her most effective themes; she's imagined the surface of the canvas as an upended piece of earth on which things grow and decay and grow again. This time around, the result is frequently a carpet of abstract floral fragments—a tapestry effect. I find myself getting caught up in the high-spirited cacophony of color. Even when I'm unconvinced by a particular canvas, I like the theme-and-variations character of the work.

In the new canvases, Snyder uses a mixture of acrylic and oil paint, and the result is a surface on which shiny passages and matte ones intermingle. These are difficult juxtapositions—they could look fussily experimental—but Snyder is a born painter, and she holds everything together with a gift for painterly effects that was already apparent in the big strokes of bright color that she was unfurling on canvas around 1970, when she was just hitting her 30s. Those canvases, and the ones with strokes played against grids from a few years later, were the work of a confident, somewhat conventional artist. They may look more interesting now than they did then, because we can see how far Joan Snyder has taken her first, provisional oppositions between order and abandon.

Everybody who's discussed Snyder's move into more and more complicated imagery—it began in the mid-'70s—has spoken of a rejection of a modern tradition of pared-down abstraction. But what's hardly ever acknowledged is that all Snyder's landscape fragments, bits of childlike drawing, words and collages

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also derive from classic modernism—from Picasso, Kandinsky, Klee and Miró. Snyder has defied the less-is-more mode. She's defied it even when she's in one of her iconic moods and seems to be suggesting that less is just one of the limitless possibilities.

In the '70s, Snyder was inclined to explain her rejection of a minimalist sensibility in terms of a desire to get more of her own life into the work. There's a 1974 triptych, called *Small Symphony for Women*, in which one panel is crammed with words, mostly observations about the marginal status of women in the art schools; Snyder wonders whether any male instructor can really understand a "female sensibility." The *Small Symphony for Women* is a heartfelt piece of work, but Snyder's best paintings have never been the ones with lots of words. Sometimes, when she's tried hardest to press our buttons (with subjects drawn from the Holocaust or news reports about domestic violence) she's been unable to find a link between the story and the style, so that the richness of the work has looked like thematic contrivance rather than metaphoric complexity. Yet even when the results are less than wonderful, Snyder's painterly instincts are leading her in the right direction, and that's often toward the work of certain early modern masters, generally men, who shared her desire to get a lot of themselves into the picture. There's a politically incorrect logic to this artist who can be taken for politically correct, and although there's no mystery as to why Snyder's way of advertising her opinions can make people who love painting uneasy, the ideological edge is part of what gives her canvases their wildness, their beautiful sting.

The brand-new Snyders are about buddings and burstings and an emotional high; a garden full of variegated blossoms is what Snyder often has in mind. Everything hovers at the surface, and we're invited to pay attention to this or that variation on the expansive, upbeat mood. It's like looking at different flowers in a garden; each one makes its separate claim, and sometimes they come together into a glorious blur. Most of the paintings contain swirls of paint that create floral bouquets; but there are also passages where the brush just shimmies across the surface, leaving quirky traces. Even the dark interludes have a punchy elegance; the black velvet rectangle in *Carmina* (which is not exactly a garden painting) is a glamorous touch. And the few murky, scumbled passages—which in earlier paintings suggested nightmares and torments—now pass quickly, like moments of mental unease or anxiety flashing through a basically sunny disposition.

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For Snyder, the up-frontness of the canvas is an opportunity to show us everything she's seen and known. She attaches bits of dried foliage to the surface—they're identified as herbs—and they suggest domesticated pastoral delights, a medieval herb garden, which in turn connects to the paintings' tapestry feel. Those herbs are the polar opposite of the bits of rusty barbed wire that Snyder was including in the sweeping, dark-toned elegies that she painted a decade ago. Looking at the new paintings, I found myself thinking about everything that she's brought in over the years—the scraps of silk and rough burlap and whole handfuls of straw.

Snyder has a wonderful way of quoting from other artists. If the herbs stand for nature, the squares of color, which evoke Malevich or Hofmann, signify culture. Snyder appears to associate different painters with different moods, and when she recapitulates their motifs as if they were her own, she's adding particular emotional colorations. This show included a few paintings with oversized sunflowers. Of course, they make you think of Van Gogh, of his unashamedly, boldly turbulent moods. There's something of Klee in the cheerful pastoral fantasy of the abstracted gardens, and something of Barnett Newman's portentous emotional self-containment in the verticals that run through a few of the less successful paintings. And then, in any number of paintings, there are recollections of Joan Mitchell's brushwork. It's a logical connection, because both painters are nature poets, but when Snyder attempts to assimilate Mitchell's jittery calligraphy she rather underlines their differences. Snyder regards nature symbolically, allegorically—it's an unabashedly urban view of the out-of-doors—whereas for Mitchell nature is part of the ordinary course of events, something experienced day by day.

In many respects Joan Snyder is a '60s person. She has the '60s gift for entertaining contradictory creative impulses, and for an abstract painter that may provide a link back to the visionary mood of an earlier generation of artists. So much of what has been written about abstract art has emphasized the struggle to achieve an absolute that we're sometimes in danger of forgetting that abstract art was about rejecting certainty and letting the possibilities explode. To a greater extent than we may care to know, the first half century of abstract art was about wacko people thinking and doing wacko things. Some of them were geniuses; others, such as Hilla Rebay, the first director of the Guggenheim—who was herself an artist and got to know Solomon R. Guggenheim while painting his portrait—were sometimes extraordinarily attuned to the geniuses in their midst and at other times indistinguishable from what we think of as ordinary crackpots.

Part of the reason that "Abstraction in the Twentieth Century" stirred such high expectations was that there was something marvelously apt about mounting a definitive assessment of abstract art in a museum that had had a historic role in bringing the new painting to America. Rosenthal obviously had that connection in mind when he dedicated one gallery at the show to a reconstruction of Hilla Rebay's original Museum of Non-Objective Painting. This show-within-a-show saluted the treasure trove of Kandinskys that Rebay brought to America, as well as her very early support for an admirable American abstractionist such as Ilya Bolotowsky, but it also highlighted her enthusiasm for Rudolf Bauer, whose Kandinskyish canvases are a kind of avant-garde kitsch.

By exhibiting the Kandinskys and a Bolotowsky alongside a Bauer and other examples of plodding, claustrophic '40s work, Rosenthal certainly demonstrated the shakiness of some of Rebay's taste, but what was the point? From the time the museum first opened in 1939, Rebay had an equivocal reputation among the American avant-garde. Young painters went to the museum, which was then located on East 54th Street, and hooted at the Bauers and at Rebay's portentous display techniques, which included gray cloth walls and canned classical music. But they were there because they could learn from the Kandinskys and Klees and Légers. I imagine that Joan Snyder, like so many artists since the '40s, has also drawn her own conclusions from the collection.

Perhaps Mark Rosenthal thought that the insufferably stuffy look of what was called the "Museum of Non-Objective Painting Installation" would put visitors on notice that this museum has come a long, long way. But what Rosenthal's rigid reconstruction really told us was that he felt alienated from the beginnings of the museum, that he hadn't engaged with the messy, yeasty origins of the non-objective adventure. It was Rebay who commissioned Frank Lloyd Wright's building—it's the great monument to her imaginative daring—and even allowing for all the impracticalities of this notorious space, there's an excitement about that astonishing rotunda that ought to have been harnessed to give the show a visionary dynamic. "Abstraction in the Twentieth Century" should have been related to the essential metaphor of Wright's museum, which is that in the end you arrive back at the beginning; that although you go round and round and see many different things, it's all part of the same expanding, enveloping experience.

It's been four years since Thomas Krens, the director of the Guggenheim and Mark Rosenthal's boss on this job, added a stack of boxy rectangular galleries to the northeast corner of the museum, and by now it takes an effort to remember that Wright's rotunda is anything more than a series of access ramps serving those inertly proportioned new rooms. Rosenthal isn't responsible for this architectural fiasco, but in installing the show he put so much emphasis on the new tower galleries that museumgoers could barely relate to Wright's glorious, light-filled container. There's no longer any way to experience the building's miraculous details, its secret rhythms and subtle surprises. Rosenthal justly included Wright's museum among the modern masterworks illustrated in his catalog; but he botched the supreme opportunity of suggesting to museumgoers that the container that held the show was itself a key work of abstract work.

True, the startling unconventionality of Wright's design has frequently been criticized by artists—including de Kooning, who was of course in the exhibition. But when the building finally opened to the public in 1959, the year of Wright's death, his breakaway organic form, which had roots all the way back in the Neoclassical fantasies of the eighteenth century, struck many people as regenerative, astonishingly youthful, the first building of the twenty-first century. Wright's museum may succeed all too well as a metaphor for the transcendent impracticality of the abstract experiment, but Rosenthal installed his show with so little sensitivity that Wright's space ended up looking incomprehensible, inert, mundane. And, come to think of it, that's more or less what Rosenthal did with the entire history of abstract art. He removed the crazy curves and wonderful zooming trajectories. He straightened everything out.

At "Abstraction in the Twentieth Century" the decades passed by and the dreams diminished and then diminished some more. Perhaps Rosenthal wasn't unhappy with the result. If it was a wasteland, it was his very own high-fashion wasteland. Yet even those who are inclined to believe that abstract art is in a period of narrowing possibilities seem to have been rather shocked by a lack of generosity in the show. They had wanted to reconnect with Kandinsky's (and Wright's) let's-try-it spirit, but it was not to be. Certainly after enduring all that bare canvas and muted gray you can

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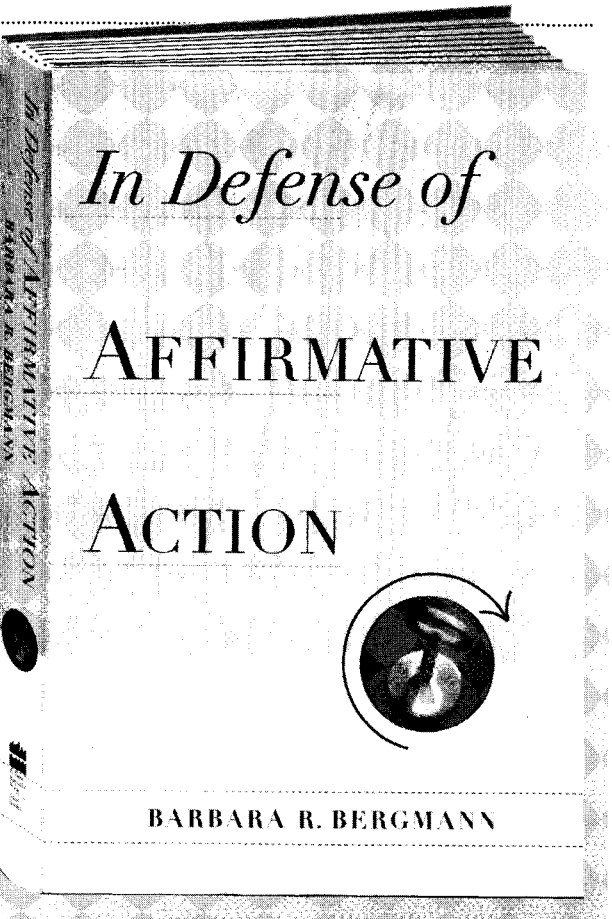

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understand why Joan Snyder is scrawling flowers all over her canvases with such loony cheerfulness. Nothing could be further from the dour calculations that dominated the wasteland up at the Guggenheim. The new Snyders, which are about cultivating your own garden, present escapism as a principled stand. There's a vehemence to these insistently upbeat canvases. Joan Snyder wants us to know that we haven't really been banished from modern art's Eden. •

The new Luddites, the old Luddites, and some very bad history.

Rage Against the Machine

BY STEVEN MARCUS

I.

"The Industrial Revolution and its consequences have been a disaster for the human race." So runs the first sentence of the Unabomber's manifesto. As first sentences go, it is probably at the moment almost as well known as "It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife," though it is hardly as felicitous and certainly not so indubitable. Still, it has earned the endorsement of such persons as Kirkpatrick Sale. He was quoted in *The New York Times* as saying that the Unabomber "is a rational man and his principal beliefs are, if hardly mainstream, entirely reasonable"; and in an article in *The Nation*, he went on to affirm that the Unabomber's statement was the work "of a rational and serious man, deeply committed to his cause, who has given a great deal of thought to his work and a great deal of time to this expression of it." He also observed that the Unabomber's central idea, which is expressed in that first sentence, "is absolutely crucial for the American public to understand and ought to be on the forefront of the nation's political agenda."

One can understand why Sale should have relieved himself of such sentiments, since he has published a book called *Rebels Against the Future*. It is something of a history, something of a polemic or jeremiad and something of a tract for the times. As Sale himself acknowledges at once, he shares an "affinity for the ideas and passions that motivated ... [the Luddites], particularly their abiding sense that a world dominated by the technologies of industrial society is fundamentally more detrimental than beneficial to human happiness." Like the Unabomber's manifesto, his book is also something of a mess. The mess begins at the simplest and most literal level, with what one is tempted to characterize as Sale's neo-Luddite liberation from the oppressive, technological norms of evidence, accuracy and the appropriate use of historical material. Unlike the Unabomber, Sale has not given a great deal of thought to his work. I shall try to be brief, but the reader should be provided with some idea of what the local texture of this book is like.

At one point, Sale decides to introduce a famous passage from *Hard Times*. The citation is ten lines long, but Sale manages to make three errors in using it. First, he misidentifies Coketown as Manchester. (It was largely modeled on Preston.) Second, he incorrectly copies the tense of a verb twice. And, third, he lists an incorrect chapter as the source of the quotation. In a similar spirit of free-wheeling dissent, Sale puts together a "Timeline," a kind of chart or table designed to assist readers in keeping events straight during the months of the most intense Luddite activity. In the column devoted to events in the United Kingdom for March 1812, he lists three items: Dickens born; frame-breaking bill enacted into law; *Childe Harold* published. Two of the three are, let us say, slightly imperfect. Dickens was born on February 7, 1812. And only Cantos I and II of *Childe Harold* were published in March, 1812. Cantos III and IV came separately some years later, as did the publication of the completed poem.

.333 is a terrific average for a batter; I'm not sure where it lands a writer with historical ambitions. It won't exactly endear him to historians, particularly when he refers to E.J. Hobsbawm's well-known book of essays as *Labouring Man* or identifies the American publisher of E.P. Thompson's *The Making of the English Working Class* as Victor Gollancz. Nor to literary scholars, since he gives Shakespeare's character (and play) as "Cymbaline" and identifies Cymbeline as King Lud's grandnephew, when he is actually represented in the legend as Lud's grandson.

More to the point, Sale begins his book with an account of the Luddite assault in Yorkshire in April 1812 on William Cartwright's mill, which was equipped with the new shearing frames, or machines for finishing wool, run by waterpower. This attack ended in violence, gunshots on both sides, and wounding and killing, and was to become famous. Years later, in 1849, Charlotte Brontë was to write about the Luddites in *Shirley*. Sale quotes a passage from that novel and states that it refers to the "fateful event" of the attack on Cartwright's mill. In point of fact, the passage comes from the opening of the novel and describes quite eloquently the general circumstances of distress that led to the Luddite upheavals; Brontë does not get around to the nighttime skirmish at the mill until the second half of the novel. This kind of error suggests to me a grasp that is less than secure on the narrative of the novel, or a very vulnerable memory, or a careless habit of reference, or a less than competent habit of reading.

The demerit in errors such as these—and I have selected only a representative sample—is not that they are an affront to professorial fussiness, triviality and pedantry, but that they suggest a less than settled commitment to the disciplines of intellectual life and to the responsibilities of scholarship. When one discovers gross blunderings at this fundamental pitch of discourse—at the level, so to speak, of the intellectual alphabet—in a professional writer who is engaged in an historical undertaking, one is entitled to inquire into what larger purposes may be at issue and what kind of history is being composed.

Rebels Against the Future: The Luddites and Their War on the Industrial Revolution: Lessons for the Computer Age
by Kirkpatrick Sale
(Addison-Wesley, 320 pp., $24)

STEVEN MARCUS is George Delacorte Professor in the Humanities at Columbia University.

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That history is both tendentious and excessively simplified. Sale's first two chapters, for example, represent a general introduction to the history of Luddism and to the Industrial Revolution. In the course of this exposition he tries to establish the continuity "for nearly two centuries now" of a Luddite "strain of opposition to the domination of industrial technology and to its values of mechanization, consumption, exploitation, growth, competition, novelty, and progress," a refusal of, and a resistance to, "the sweeping tides of triumphant modernism." Sale seems to believe that this list of abstract conceptual terms makes up a coherent, integrated and non-contradictory series of ideas and actualities. Among the adherents to this tradition of Luddism, moreover, he prominently lists Carlyle, Dickens, William Morris and Ruskin. This claim demands an examination of what such an incorporation both entails and omits.

In 1829, Carlyle published "Signs of the Times," which would become one of the paradigmatic essays of the nineteenth century. This essay inaugurates the great tradition of Victorian social and cultural criticism, and it does so by using the metaphor of the machine to characterize the age. What is particularly striking and resonant about this extended collocation on Carlyle's part is that he applies the material realities of the accelerating Industrial Revolution to contemporary intellectual and spiritual developments—to the mechanical tendencies in the writings of Bentham and his philosophically radical utilitarian followers, to the theories of political economy that then ruled the advanced intellectual roost, as well as to the generalized and largely unpremeditated materialism of the dominant culture.

Carlyle went on to elaborate these ideas over the next dozen or so years and brought his criticism to its fullest expression in his last great work, *Past and Present*, which appeared in 1843. Sale makes it a point to include a passage from that masterpiece in his book, and here it is:

> We call it a Society and go about professing openly the totalest separation, isolation. Our life is not a mutual helpfulness; but rather, cloaked under due laws-of-war named "fair competition" and so forth, it is a mutual hostility.... We have profoundly forgotten everywhere that *Cash-payment* is not the sole relation of human beings.

But such a passage is by no reasonable construal a piece of Luddite criticism. It is, rather, an early exposition of the experience of alienation in the circumstances of modern society and a critique of capitalism in its contemporary form.

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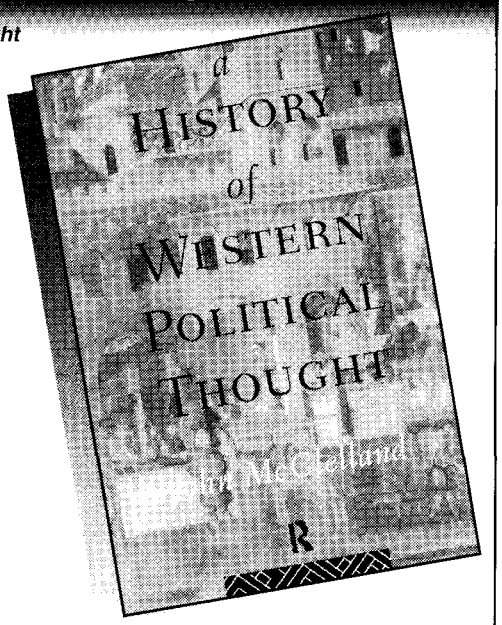

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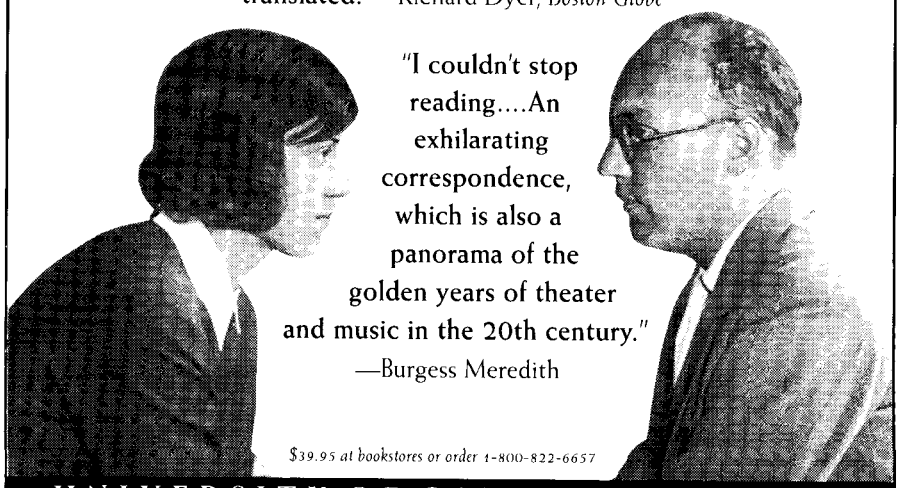

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It was not for nothing that the young Engels reviewed *Past and Present* in German at the time of its publication and went out of his way to remark that it was the book of the year most worth reading. Nor is it any more of an accident that Carlyle went on to reiterate repeatedly that "Cash-payment never was, or could except for a few years be, the union-bond of man to man," thereby supplying Marx with material that he would put to equally striking use in *The Communist Manifesto.*

Even more, in *Past and Present,* Carlyle scans the horizon in the midst of a period of severe economic depression and asserts that the only redeemable future for England is what he calls a "just Industrialism." The agents of this to-be-hoped-for deliverance are those men whom he memorably calls "Captains of Industry," or, to use his other term for them, heroes. To describe any of this as Luddism is plainly absurd. For Sale to have omitted it from his account, when he has gone to the trouble of quoting from *Past and Present,* is to amputate that work intellectually. It is either that or something still less savory.

A similar holding applies to Dickens. The *Hard Times* that Sale mishandles is dedicated to Carlyle, and in it Dickens constructs a dramatic alliance between characters who represent capitalism, industrialism, utilitarian precepts and conceptions of education and political economy that is at once stunningly original and firmly connected with Carlyle's formidable antecedent ideas. But Dickens, too, is complicated in his attitudes toward the capitalist industrial world, and at one point he has this to say about the Coketown that inspires his articulate and blisteringly cold outrage. After enumerating some of the more repellent and life-destroying characteristics of Coketown, he remarks that

> These attributes of Coketown were in the main inseparable from the work by which it was sustained; against them were to be set off, comforts of life which found their way all over the world, and elegancies of life which made, we will not ask how much of the fine lady, who could scarcely bear to hear the place mentioned. The rest of its features were voluntary, and they were these.

And he is off again on his immortal critical dramatization of urban industrial ugliness and utilitarian-inspired monotony.

What such a passage inevitably suggests is that Dickens, like the other figures in the great nineteenth-century tradition of criticism—and this includes Marx—was deeply and creatively ambivalent about the modern social world. When you come to think of it, how could one easily be anything else? Where else, to offer another example, would the potency and the complexity with which Dickens represents the railroads in *Dombey and Son* have its origins?

And even when we turn to William Morris, the situation is far from clear, single-minded or easy to read. Morris was a disciple of both Ruskin and Marx and a great critic of mechanical-industrial civilization. He was also, among much else, the guiding spirit of the handicrafts movement and one of the founders of art nouveau. Yet, as Peter Stansky reminds us in his useful *Redesigning the World: William Morris, the 1880s, and the Arts and Crafts,* Morris was himself concerned and perplexed by the circumstance that in order to create his furniture and his beautiful textiles, drapes and wallpapers he had to use machines, and modern machines to boot.

Still more, in *News from Nowhere,* that most elegiac of modern utopias, a "post-industrial society" has been achieved. It is a world of arts and crafts and very little work—its subtitle is "An Epoch of Rest." And yet in this dream state, "All work which would be irksome to do by hand is done by immensely improved machinery; and in all work which it is a pleasure to do by hand machinery is done without." Which is why almost no work is done in the novel and why, among other reasons, it is called an epoch of rest. As Daniel Bell once demonstrated, there is no work without its discontents. And as if that were not enough, Morris goes on to describe how the world of Utopia is made possible by the use of a mysterious source of power that, it is unmistakably implied, has been inherited from the pre-revolutionary world. This force moves vehicles by land or water, carries loads of anything and has taken the place of steam power. It is apparently inexhaustible and cannot be explained or understood by either the narrator or, I suspect, by its users, but it is the equivalent of magically perfected nuclear power.

In other words: in the mainstream of the Western tradition, the recapturing and reanimating of the values and life-enhancing activities of the pre-industrial and pre-capitalist worlds are achieved only through the attainment of a higher degree of mastery over nature and the conscious deployment of its harnessed powers by human agents toward human ends. This is indeed a far cry from the Luddism that Sale is celebrating and representing and to which he, negligent of modifiers, assimilates Morris. It is not even a Utopia with which Morris himself was entirely happy—hence, at least in part, the intense sadness of his wonderful book. As Kleist indelibly put it, "we would have to eat again of the tree of knowledge to fall back into the state of innocence."

Finally, there is Ruskin. Surely here, if nowhere else among the eminent Victorians, is Luddism's manifest ally and explicit adherent. And so I thought, too, until I consulted the index of Cook and Wedderburn's monumental edition of thirty-nine volumes. That listing occupies itself a separate volume and is a gigantic apparatus of reference, virtually a concordance to Ruskin's works. To my surprise, there is no entry for Luddism or the Luddites. And yet who can forget such passages as the description in "The Nature of Gothic" of the factory workers who are making glass beads which

> are formed by first drawing out the glass into rods; these rods are chopped up into fragments the size of beads by the human hand, and the fragments are then rounded in the furnace. The men who chop up the rods sit at their work all day, their hands vibrating with a perpetual and exquisitely timed palsy, and the beads dropping beneath their vibration like hail. Neither they, nor the men who draw out the rods or fuse the fragments, have the smallest occasion for the use of any single human faculty; and every young lady, therefore, who buys glass beads is engaged in the slave trade, and in a much more cruel one than that which we have so long been endeavoring to put down.

But even Ruskin at his most radical—in, say, *Unto This Last* (1860)—asserts that the manufacturer or industrialist has a true or genuine function, and that function is not profit but "to provide for the nation ... and it becomes his duty, not only to be always considering how to produce what he sells, in the purest and cheapest forms, but how to make the various employments involved in the production ... most beneficial to the men employed."

When it comes to higher technology, Ruskin is still more to the salient point. In the fifth letter of *Fors Clavigera* (1871-84), Ruskin's half-mad enterprise of communicating directly with "the workmen and labourers of Great Britain," he undertakes to examine some recent advances in technology. First there is the telegraph cable, which had recently been successfully laid to communicate messages between England and India. Such an accomplishment may, Ruskin writes, "some day ... be a useful one." "But what," he goes on, "was the message, and what the answer? Is India the better for what you said to her? Are you the better for what she replied?" He makes some similar re-

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marks about the development of photography during the period, and then passes on to the grandest of Victorian technological achievements, the rapid and triumphant construction of a nationwide system of railroads. He zeroes in on one link or segment of that system.

> There was a rocky valley between Buxton and Bakewell, once upon a time, divine as the Vale of Tempe; you might have seen the Gods there morning and evening—Apollo and all the sweet Muses of the light—walking in fair procession on the lawns of it, and to and fro among the pinnacles of its crags. You cared neither for Gods nor grass, but for cash (which you did not know the way to get); you thought you could get it by what the *Times* calls "Railroad Enterprise." You Enterprised a Railroad through the valley—you blasted its rocks away, heaped thousands of tons of shale into its lovely stream. The valley is gone, and the Gods with it; and now, every fool in Buxton can be at Bakewell in half-an-hour, and every fool in Bakewell at Buxton; which you think a lucrative process of exchange—you Fools Everywhere.

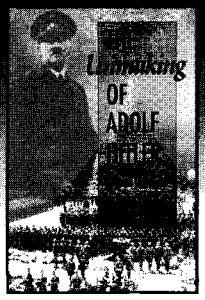
It is, to be sure, a passage of luminously intelligent prose which ends, as any reader acquainted with Ruskin can recognize, with the writer close to going off his head. But Ruskin pulls himself back and rises to a generalizing peroration:

> To talk at a distance, when you have nothing to say, though you were ever so near; to go fast from this place to that, with nothing to do either at one or the other; these are powers certainly. Much more, power of increased Production, if you, indeed, had got it, would be something to boast of. But are you so entirely sure that you *have* got it—that the mortal disease of plenty, and afflictive affluence of good things, are all you have to dread?

Writing such as this belongs to a tradition, to the grand tradition of Anglo-American cultural criticism, which has collaborators of supreme importance, such as Max Weber, among its European cousins and colleagues. Sale refers to such figures, but he demonstrates no understanding of what they are about, what their grand critical project has been directed toward. Among them, of course, are the great English novelists, including Jane Austen, about whom Sale has this to say: while the Luddites were at their serious work of protest, Jane Austen was "busily transcribing the dreams of the delicate gentry." Sale is no Stalinist, but he has the sensibility of a regular apparatchik. It is as if he were to observe that Edmund Wilson, F.R. Leavis and Lionel Trilling, the chief bearers in literary criticism of this Anglo-American tradition into the latter part of the twentieth century, were in their major writings transcribing the dreams of the genteel middle class. I would not put it past him.

I have been trying to demonstrate that Sale has an abysmally defective and uninformed sense of the historical and cultural contexts in which the Luddites have to be placed if they are to be understood from a modern perspective. The reader may have noticed that I have also introduced the name of Marx and the term "capitalism." Marx is not mentioned once in Sale's book, and Sale refers to capitalism only with the most apparent reluctance, mostly off-handedly and by-the-bye, often in quotations from other historians, and really in his own voice only in the last pages of the work. What he has in mind is to foreground the Industrial Revolution and its technological sides; but what he accomplishes by this suppression is to reify that revolution, to make it appear to be essentially an autonomous and self-reflexive development, and to cut it loose from the larger systems of social and economic relations out of which and through which it historically developed.

The Marx I have in mind, of course, is the Marx of the early manuscripts and of the historical sections of *Capital*, and the capitalism to which I am referring is the capitalism of Max Weber as well as of Marx, the European-based and now world-embracing system of institutions and their relations and behaviors within



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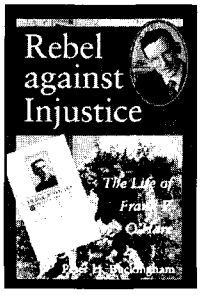

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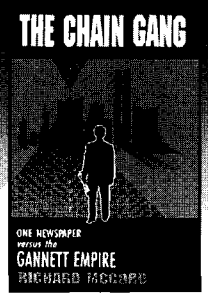

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which we are all constrained to live. Since Sale also deprives himself of these fundamental grounds of reference, his book is without any coherent theory at all. It floats in an historical ether, and its contexts are paper-thin, error-laden or non-existent.

II.

The second part of Sale's book consists of a retelling of the story of the original Luddites. And that is the problem. No such story is possible, since there is no single narrative that will make coherent sense out of the multitude of circumstances that Luddite history includes. In this connection, Sale has chosen what is arguably the worst way to present an account of this historical group of episodes. He has arranged all his material in linear chronological order and tried to write about the events month by month, from November 1811 to January 1813. What this procedure has produced is a "narrative" that is an unintelligible blur, a chopped-up sequence that jumps about from place to place, anecdote to anecdote, one set of characters to another, with little connecting them except the dates at which they occurred.

The reasons for the failure of such a "simple" or "straightforward" strategy are not difficult to disclose. Luddism is a term that covers activities in three different sections of England, that was focused in three different industries with different histories and traditions, and at different stages of industrial development, and that followed different lines into the future. In the light of such divergences, historians have followed one of two general forms of exposition and analysis. They have, as the Hammonds did in their pioneering *The Skilled Worker* (1919), divided their account of Luddism into the activities that took place in the three different counties that were the principal sites of Luddism—Nottinghamshire, Yorkshire and Lancashire—each of them being the center of a particular branch of the textile industry: lace-working and hosiery-knitting in Nottinghamshire, the manufacture of wool in Yorkshire and the cotton industry in Lancashire. Or they have, as E.P. Thompson and the revisionist historian Malcolm Thomis in *The Luddites* (1970) did in differing ways, dealt with the complex set of materials thematically, first setting the context of Luddism within the tradition of popular riots and machine breaking and then concentrating separately on the causes, aims and organization of the Luddites in each of the three areas, and rising to generalization only after the concrete differences had been adequately set out. (Thompson makes the general Marxist case for the Luddites as a "*quasi-insurrectionary movement*" of the textile workers against the freedom of the textile merchant and industrial capitalists to destroy the historic customs of the trade, and stresses the elements of class warfare and political organization that were developed on the Luddites' side.) Sale's account, by contrast, has almost no detailed structure, and so the general reader, for whom this book is intended, will arise not much more informed and no clearer in his mind than he was at the outset.

The one phrase that is universally used in discussion of the Luddites was coined by E.J. Hobsbawm in a well-known essay called "The Machine Breakers." He set the Luddites in a context that extends back into the pre-industrial and pre-trades-union eras, and described the kind of activities in which they were engaged as "collective bargaining by riot." Such behavior encompassed not merely machine breaking, but also food riots, looting, destruction of manufactured goods and raw materials, arson, flooding and generalized but mostly minor personal intimidation and violence. The important point is that such phenomena are not, within this historical setting, to be adequately understood as merely irrational, expressive and illiterate forms of behavior. Sometimes they achieved their ends of satisfying some grievance, and often they did not—but they were not simply wild and insensate outbreaks, any more than modern industrial sabotage has been.

In 1811-13 such kinds of behavior were quite understandable. The general economic situation for working people was severely depressed: a series of bad harvests had led to the rise of food prices for a working population that was accustomed to living, even in good times, on something close to the margin of subsistence. The expensive war against Napoleon continued, and those hostilities entailed not merely outlay of treasure, but the French blockade of continental ports to British trading vessels, which was followed by the British Orders in Council that prohibited British commerce with anyone who did business with the French. This shut down the immensely lucrative trade with America and had an immediate and sustained depressing effect on the textile industry, Britain's chief and growing domain of foreign trade. As prices of textiles plummeted, wages of textile workers rapidly followed, as did rising unemployment. This desperate situation was compounded by the introduction, or the prospect of the introduction, of new machines, labor-saving, more productive and efficient, and sometimes power-driven, into the different lines of textile manufacture.

The desperate situation rapidly became an inflammatory one. The fire broke out in Nottingham, where new and large knitting frames were being introduced into the hosiery and lace industry. "New" is a relative term, since stocking-frames had been in common use for more than 200 years. Moreover, the stockingers did not work in factories, but at frames in their houses or in workshops of less than half-a-dozen frames. Machinery was nothing new then, but the knitters' grievances were heavy and multifarious; their wages had gone down, and they were often defrauded by their employers by payment in "truck" or goods in kind rather than cash; the apprentice system was often violated by their hosier employers, and the new machines were now being used to make inferior products. When the sum of these abuses led to demonstrations and then to destructive attacks on the machines, it seems likely that it was not because the workmen hated machines, but because, as one historian has put it, "of the use to which they [the machines] were being put, not because they were machines or because they were new."

The situation in Lancashire was even more inchoate, diffuse and loosely articulated. Lancashire was the center of the cotton industry, the leading manufacture of the entire kingdom, and the business that had led the takeoff into self-sustained growth that is the hallmark of the Industrial Revolution. The technological innovations that had revolutionized the spinning of cotton yarn had been installed in the 1770s. Although spinning in cotton had thus been fully mechanized, weaving had not been; as a result, from 1770 to 1800, while the production of spun cotton yarn escalated exponentially, there was a great demand for hand-loom weavers in cotton, and their wages during that period were comparatively high. But thereafter, as their numbers continued to swell beyond 200,000, there came about an oversupply of labor among the cotton weavers, and wages steadily fell after 1799. By 1812, when the Luddite disturbances began, primitive power looms were just beginning to be introduced, and it was not until the mid-1820s, long after the Luddites had passed from the scene, that the weaving processes in cotton were fully mechanized and driven by power.

The plight of the working people, in sum, was that of low wages getting still lower, and of growing unemployment. The history of the slow, protracted immiseration and extinction of the hand-loom weavers of cotton cloth is one of

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the classic horror tales of the Industrial Revolution. And yet it is useful to note that, when they turned to destroy the relatively few power looms that were in operation in 1812, they did not go on to destroy either the factories that housed the spinning jennies or the jennies themselves.

The machine breaking in Yorkshire, by contrast, was unambiguously directed toward new machinery, and the Luddites in West Riding answer most closely to the received notions of what the movement was like. The finishing of wool cloth involved two processes that were traditionally done by hand by "croppers," as these workmen were called. First, the nap on the newly woven wool was raised by means of brushing with hand-held "teasles," and then the nap was cut or "cropped" with large shears that were also hand-operated and weighed up to forty pounds. Two new machines had been invented which directly threatened the croppers' occupation: the gig-mill, which employed mechanically driven rollers to raise the nap on the woolen cloth; and, more widely known, the shearing-frame, which was an uncomplicated mechanical contraption that simply installed the hand shears onto a power-operated device or frame. The Yorkshire croppers had resisted the introduction of these machines into their work before 1812, and the widespread machine breaking that took place in the woolen district in that year was unquestionably aimed at preventing the movement of the woolen industry toward a factory system in which such machines would replace hand workers.

Thus the situation varied from one region to another and made the Luddite movement the very complex episode about which historians still hold different judgments. What the working men had in common was their poverty, their desperation and their justifiable anger at oppression and at displacement into permanent or semi-permanent redundancy, or what we now call "downsizing." (As Brontë put it in *Shirley*, "Misery generates hate.") Yet Sale imputes to them a generalized collective consciousness that goes beyond this. "[A]t bottom," he writes, "the workers' grievance was not just about the machinery ... but what the machinery stood for: the palpable, daily evidence of their having to succumb to forces beyond their control, beyond their power even to influence much, that were taking away their livelihoods and transforming their lives."

As T.S. Eliot once sardonically observed, the bottom is a long way down, and Sale at the same time has to admit that "Luddism could not come up with the words to articulate its rebellion or define its goals." In the absence of such words, and in the face of increasing resistance from owners, as well as local, regional and national authorities and their institutions of law and order—along with an increasingly evident lack of success—some Luddites, during the spring and summer of 1812, turned toward stepped-up violence. Nocturnal raids to steal guns and money were organized; burglaries and other acts of non-industrial law-breaking rose; fantastic plans for rebellion were bruited about; secret oaths were sworn in symbolic blood. All the signs pointed to a movement that was failing while at the same time heading toward official and brutal suppression.

Sale has found an analogy for this final phase of the development and the defeat of the Luddites, and it is highly illuminating. The movement, he remarks, has

> an almost exact parallel with the American radical movement of the 1960s, when at the height of its impact a great many within it wanted to move from resistance to revolution, beyond opposition to war and racism to the overthrow of capitalism [whoops!] and its compliant institutions. Unable successfully to articulate either means or ends that would be appropriate to the populace within which it had to work or to the enormousness of the transformation it wanted, this segment fragmented into competing factions, one of which then modeled itself on old-fashioned industrial-shop organizing and another of which took to underground armed cells ... predictably, both failed.

The analogy does substantial injustice to all the parties concerned. The Luddites were poor working men who were threatened with starvation and the loss of what helps to make life coherent: daily, regular work. The American radical movement of the late 1960s consisted in large measure of students or former students who were brought together chiefly by their opposition to an unjust war prosecuted by a government that had betrayed its own declared ideals. To compare a Yorkshire cropper, maddened by want, rage and despair, who took to organized and semi-political violence, to a Weatherman, a child of the affluent middle class, often strung out on drugs, who went underground and planned bombings or bank heists as a means of either ending the war in Vietnam or bringing about world revolution, is to rob the one of dignity, the other of poignancy, and both of them of their tragic fates. (And what Luddite sympathizer ever became the equivalent of the president of the United States?)

But the analogy is useful in that it tells us where Sale is coming from, where his own "radicalism" has its roots. He confirms this genealogy himself when he writes that the defeat of Luddism led to the revival of "reformism" among working people—reformism including all changes in political representation, Chartism, trades-unionism, Socialism, Marxism and Uncle Tom Cobbley and all. Moreover, he goes on, the "corollary of this renewed reformism was the death of radicalism, the end in England of anything that might seriously challenge the accepted order of things." On this definition, all those who came after the Luddites and regarded themselves as radical were victims of self-deception, since "they were not rebels against the future but participants in it." And they were so by virtue of the circumstance that they accepted machines and the idea of progress as part of the historical process that they were trying to influence. And on this definition, therefore, the characters of 1789-94, right down to the Committee on Public Safety, the Utopian Socialists all through the nineteenth century, Marx and Engels themselves, Lenin and Trotsky, and even the bomb-throwing anarchists who found a lodgement in Britain after 1880, may have been revolutionaries, but they were not radical! At such a juncture, I submit, we find ourselves in the presence not merely of denseness, but also of perversity.

By way of momentary relief, I will produce a sentence from Karl Marx on the Luddites. "It took both time and experience," he wrote in Volume I of *Capital*, "before the workpeople learnt to distinguish between machinery and its employment by capital, and to direct their attacks, not against the material instruments of production, but against the mode in which they are used." It isn't often that one thinks of Marx as the voice of reasonableness; but compared to the self-enclosed and pretzel-like contortions of Sale's argument, Marx sounds as direct and as sane as William Blake.

III.

The third and climactic part of *Rebels Against the Future* is about contemporary life, in particular about the crises that the "second industrial revolution" has brought about, and the neo-Luddite responses to it. Neo-Luddism seems to be a sort of loose and informal confederation to which Sale himself pledges his allegiance. He dates this new revolution from 1971, the moment at which, he tells us, "the microchip and the microprocessor" were perfected. This "Digital Revolution," he writes, quoting the magazine *Wired* with tacit approval, is compelling

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" 'social changes so profound their only parallel is probably the discovery of fire.' "

The discovery of fire, I surmise, may on balance have been a good thing, but the "second industrial revolution," like the first one of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, is entirely baleful in its consequences, for Sale, and has produced a global set of conditions that are nothing short of apocalyptic. Mechanization is in command, our lives are not importantly within our own choosing, and the technological imperative has replaced the categorical imperative as the guiding rule of practical reason. At the same time, this technology is highly unreliable and unstable and not within anyone's—or its own—possibility to control:

> Computers are always "down" when you need them, automatic teller machines go blank, savings-and-loan banks are suddenly bankrupt, long-standing corporations no longer exist, no one around knows how to program the VCR, nuclear missiles are almost triggered by a full moon, the stock market collapses because of computerized institutional trading, men ... are baffled by new computer-diagnosed automobiles ... nothing is fixable....

Our age is characterized by technological catastrophes:

> Chernobyl, Bhopal, DDT, Times Beach, the Challenger, Three Mile Island, chlordane, *Exxon Valdez*, Love Canal, Mars Observer, PCBs ... acid rain, radiation leaks, ozone depletion, environmental cancers, airplane crashes, electricity blackouts, oil spills, and the like.

It goes on like this, more or less, for seventy pages. On the one side, it reminds one of the interpretation of the world that is represented every night on television at eleven: murder-mayhem-weather-sports. On the other, it recalls Mr. Pickwick's famous first speech:

> Travelling was in a troubled state, and the minds of coachmen were unsettled. Let them look abroad and contemplate the scenes which were enacting around them. Stage-coaches were upsetting in all directions, horses were bolting, boats were overturning, and boilers were bursting. (Cheers—a voice: 'No') No! (Cheers.)

That is to say, it is difficult for such a litany—barring exceptional literary and rhetorical gifts—to avoid self-parody and unconscious comic effects.

It is difficult as well for the serious reader to maintain a serious interest in serious matters when they are written about in evangelical rantings. Consider, for example, Sale's insistence about both industrial revolutions that they have indiscriminately destroyed the social and cultural pasts of our societies. In the process, human beings have been progressively rendered obsolete. The industrialization in America of agriculture is one of Sale's illustrations of this systematic ruination; and one of his prime exhibits is the widespread use of "mechanical tomato pickers (three workers do the work of sixty)."

This statement is delivered to us as representing a bad thing, without qualification, discussion or modulation. The question of whether it is better or worse to pick tomatoes by hand or machine is not argued at all. The question of whether the tomatoes are better or worse for the mechanical picking is not started, and the question of whether the mechanically picked produce is cheaper or more expensive is also not opened. Above all, the question of what difference is made by how the tomatoes are picked if they are in any case tasteless, as most American tomatoes that you can buy are, is simply not in Sale's register of consciousness. That is to say, his sense of the quality of life can become as abstract, statistical and technocratic as that of the technophiles who are his declared adversaries.

Technology, he insists, is "the culprit," and we are all going to hell in a laptop. We are indiscriminately destroying the world's resources, and we justify our rapine behavior through such "industrial ideologies as humanism, which gives us the right, materialism, which gives us the reason, and rationalism, which gives us the method" for despoiling the natural world. In all events, the prospects facing us are fairly bleak, and I think the reader should have some appreciation of part of Sale's vision of futurity, as he contemplates the effects that the "technosphere" will produce in short order on the natural world of the planet: "*resource depletion*"; the world's supplies of "copper, lead, nickel, iron, bauxite, mercury, zinc, phosphate, manganese, uranium, tin and tungsten" will all, "it is thought ... be exhausted within another generation or so; *deforestation*, which ... will effectively deplete the world's old-growth forests in the next decade; *pollution*, of air, water, groundcover, and soils, which ... has made half of the world's drinking water unhealthy or downright poisonous ... *desertification*, which has already made three-quarters of the once-arable land of the earth into barren and dehydrated waste ... *overpopulation*, which has nearly doubled the world's human stock since the computer revolution began in 1971 ... and will ... expand it to 7 billion as early as 2010; *organochlorine poisoning* ... which ... is thought to be the cause of a 300 per cent increase in testicular cancer in men [what about women?] in the United States since 1983 and a drop in the sperm count of 42 per cent in men [again?] throughout the industrial world [that ought to take care of some of the uncontrolled population growth]; *depletion of fishing stocks*" to the point that almost all of the world's major fisheries are "not more than a decade away from exhaustion; and *consumption of photosynthetic energy*, the basis of all life on the planet...." These are genuine *fin-de-siècle*, end-of-the-millennium, end-of-the-world utterances, and it is regrettable that the form in which they are put forward makes it almost impossible not to become rapidly inured to and immunized against them, since they undoubtedly touch upon many matters of the gravest consequence. But if this is what the world is inevitably, uncontrollably and unavoidably coming to, then why bother? *Carpe diem.*

In this imagination of the world, we are all sacrifices upon the "altar of the god of Progress." Such a Moloch is at the same time the Frankenstein's monster of technology who has gotten entirely out of control and is going to bring about universal calamity. (As Wilhelm Reich declared in his last years, when he was detecting everywhere deadly orgone energy poisonously raining down upon the earth, we are in a "planetary emergency.") Yet what Sale is really opposed to, I believe, is not technology alone, it is the entire development and history of Western civilization and, one must not forget, its culmination in America. Beginning with the invention of critical reason by the Greeks, continuing with the development of natural science, the experimental method and scientific rationality in the early Renaissance, along with the nearly simultaneous invention and evolution of capitalism and the development of economic rationality during the same epoch, and extending still further into the Industrial Revolution and the concomitant growth of technological rationality from the late eighteenth century onwards, the whole project of Western humanity is one colossal mistake and disaster.

In this connection, Sale calls to mind a sprightly character in *The Crying of Lot 49*. Mike Fallopian is a proselytizer and recruiter for the Peter Pinguid Society, "one of these right-wing nut outfits," as another character diplomatically describes them. The Peter Pinguids regard the John Birch Society as a bunch of dangerous left-wing softies. They themselves have gotten to "the underlying truth," and have always been against industrial capitalism on the grounds that it must

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"lead, inevitably, to Marxism.... Underneath, both are part of the same creeping horror." Sale is caught in the same cleft stick that Pynchon's paradox deftly opens. It is no surprise that many of the objects of his animus, such as GATT and NAFTA and the IMF and the World Bank, are also those that raise hairs on the neck of Patrick Buchanan and the archaic right, or that some of his precepts on how to be "radical" bear uncanny resemblance to a populist "conservatism of the heart."

So among the first things that we should do in adopting neo-Luddite views is to return to the spirit of the late 1960s and try to drop out of "the system" and the society at large. We should in addition make alliances with such groups of "survivors" as the "Aspartame Victims and Their Friends" in America; and also with "all Moslem fundamentalist movements from Morocco to Pakistan," since these latter are inoculated with "a pronounced anti-Western strain ... as well as a thoroughgoing critique of Western rationalism and science." That this "thoroughgoing critique" does not include a rejection of "machine guns ... oil rigs or ... transistor radios," much less nuclear weaponry, is only a minor contradiction.

Slightly less minor is the logically annoying circumstance that most of the neo-Luddites seem perfectly willing to use "the technologies at the heart of the system they oppose including telephones, faxes, jet planes, and photocopiers," not to speak of the accursed computer and such of its accessories as E-mail and the laser printer. (The publication of Sale's book, too, is owed to the same satanic mills—a circumstance that almost prompts a cheer for neo-Luddism.) This dilemma of contradiction and compromise between means and ends does catch Sale's momentary attention, but he brackets it off "in the name of the urgency of the cause and the need to spread its message as wide as possible."

What cannot be shrugged away—and what Sale does not mention—is that some of the most serious and important work currently being done, say, in the preservation of endangered species, is made possible only through advanced technology, such as the identification of species through differential DNA analysis. Without technology, indeed, the work being pursued in environmental history, ecological analysis and conservation would slow to a crawl.

In fact, as Sale himself acknowledges, the essential connection between or among all these diverse people and groups is "essentially a philosophic kind of Luddism." That is to say, it is a Luddism of the head, and it reminds one of nothing so much as the young Hegelians, those theoretical *Lufthunde* with whose speculative pneumo-radicalism Marx and Engels made such sportive play in *The German Ideology*. Still, even the neo-Luddites, most of them decent and harmless souls, are capable of uttering statements that bring a jaundiced cast to a skeptical eye. Last month, at a meeting of about 350 self-declared Luddites that was held in Barnesville, Ohio, the subject of the Unabomber was unavoidable. The new Luddites themselves are against violence, but when asked by a reporter to comment on the Unabomber, the following representative response was forthcoming: "A number of points in the manifesto were appropriate ones, but his approach was extreme." I cannot help remembering how often all of us have heard or read statements about some entirely reprehensible figure which characterized him as someone who had the right idea but whose trouble was that he went too far. A few weeks ago the owner of the Cincinnati Reds thoughtfully remarked about Hitler that "everybody knows he was good at the beginning but he just went too far."

What, then, are we to do? Well, we can learn from "tribal societies" and the study of paleolithic peoples how to live in harmony with nature, with each other and with ourselves. In particular, Sale proposes that we think seriously about the deliberate reduction of the number of people on the planet and the shortening of the average human life span back to the estimated paleolithic longevity of about thirty-two years. Indeed, Sale asserts, these people fashioned lives that were much superior to those we suffer through today, "because, apprenticed to nature, they consciously restricted human numbers and accepted limited human duration, so that other species around them could thrive for the benefit of all."

Leave to one side the logical impossibilities of this statement, as well as its neo-Malthusian implications. I have consulted some anthropological colleagues on how existing tribal or non-literate societies exercise population limitation and control. Apart from their endurance of the classic Malthusian natural and cultural inflictions, what they do is abstain from sex, extend the period of nursing to reduce the likelihood of rapidly repeated pregnancies, employ abortifacients of a variety of sorts, and practice mostly female infanticide. Which of these represents an apprenticeship to nature, and which of them should instruct us remains unstated and unclear.

EDITOR, *FOREIGN POLICY*

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As for the rest, what we can do is to apprentice ourselves to the study of the writings "of the Earth-Firsters and the bioregionalists and deep ecologists." Here endeth the reading.

For over 200 years, the project of the rational interpretation of the world gave rise to a competing series of powerful systematic theories. From the positive natural sciences, the rationalist theories of political economy and of civil society on the one side, to their critique in the critical reason of the Hegelian and Marxist traditions, in theories of socialism, and in the imaginative reason of the Romantic poets, Victorian novelists and critics and modernist artists on the other side, the life of the intellect in the West has been played out within the orbit of theories whose origins are all in Enlightenment thinking and in reaction to it and within it. Today, with the universal demise of Marxism (departments of English literature appear to preserve the last survivors), the eclipse of socialism and the increasingly delicate health of even social democracy, one historically vital group of sources for theoretical and systematic ideas about the human world has gone into indefinite suspension, if not actual extinction. The principal theories that remain standing have to do with the market, with profit, with motives of rational acquisitiveness and with the kinds of social, political and cultural formations that are conditioned by these fundamental and undergirding systemic powers. The theories are not new, nor are they particularly pleasant, but their staying power is not to be denied. They continue to exist and to thrive because, just like theories in science, they express a living relation to realities, to the real world, whatever that may be.

Almost fifty years ago, in the introduction to his enduringly important *The Liberal Imagination,* Lionel Trilling wrote that the only ideas that existed at the moment were liberal ideas. Trilling was using the term "liberal" in an encoded sense, and what he meant by it was Enlightenment rationality in its variant, developed forms—Marxism, and the liberal opposition in social theory and imaginative literature to the perversions of rationality which Marxism in theory and practice (plus related rationalisms) had led to. Trilling's statement could not be written today. It no longer holds. And Kirkpatrick Sale's book, with unwitting authority, supplies the reason why.

I do not believe that I have read a book that so fully illustrates the intellectual bankruptcy of what passes these days for radical and left-wing thinking. The demonization of technology, the separation of the analytical consideration of the Industrial Revolution from its organic roots in the historical development of capitalism, the belated and attenuated effort to recapture the spirit and saliency of the early Rousseau: all point to irremediable feebleness of critical purchase and an absence of critical direction. Culturally vacuous, historically garbled, at sea in the unfathomable complexities of contemporary life, it is a failed undertaking of critical intention, without system, without theory, and sometimes even without ideas. •

The Joy of Pecs

BY ROY PORTER

The Image of Man: The Creation of Modern Masculinity by George L. Mosse

(Oxford University Press, 232 pp., $25)

George Mosse's book marks a new turn in gender politics. Not too long ago, it was said that women had been "hidden from history," which was the title of a book by Sheila Rowbotham, the English socialist historian, in 1973. Feminists set about putting things to rights; and in the intervening years the hidden past of women has been brought out into the open. Conventional notions of an eternal feminine, or that "anatomy is destiny," have been exploded, as successive constructions of the feminine down the centuries have been subjected to historical analysis. Controversies continue to rage over the precise interpretation of the politics of womanhood—should women essentially be seen as formerly subordinated, or is such "victim history" just a subtler form of ongoing repression and even victim-blaming?—and yet it would be absurd to talk any longer of women as a "dark continent."

What remains hidden from history today is the male. Not that the accomplishments of men have been neglected. Historical research has always centered on men's lives—tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, rich man, poor man, beggarman, thief. But the maleness of these historical actors has always been taken for granted. Hence the ease with which, in traditional parlance, the very term "men" could automatically serve a double function, referring equally to males or humans; there was nothing semantically confusing in such a usage, when those who strutted on the historical stage were almost invariably male. Being a man—performing in the theaters of work, politics and power—was simply assumed to be natural; and when allegedly male traits such as fighting were occasionally questioned by pacifists or protesters, the dead white European males dominating the academy and the airwaves were deft at belittling such criticisms as hysterical or utopian, on the grounds that a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do. If the shadow world of women was a function of insignificance, the invisibility of men served, in a manner familiar to theology, to sustain the sacred.

Things began to change in the 1980s, and it was the women's movement, not surprisingly, which first put maleness under cross-examination. With gender redefined as an ideological construct distinct from biological sex, feminists were able to take the old social order and pin on it the scare label "patriarchy," signaling that it was not natural at all, but the means by which male supremacy was normalized. Male sexuality was likewise queried by the term "machismo." Still, feminists were inevitably less concerned with male myths in their own right than with exposing how male discourse—novelists, sociobiologists and psychoanalysts prattling on about penis envy—had drawn belittling stereotypes of femininity. No surprise, either, that the next stage of questioning the self-evident rightness of regular masculinity came through studies of those widely labeled and libeled as "problem men"—homosexuals, Jews, perverts and other unmanly males routinely mocked for falling short of the totemic status of a "real man."

The consequence of all this is that it is the regular guy who has become the object of interrogation. Feminists have deconstructed him; liberals are trying to mold the "new man" of the future out of the old clay; and unreconstructed macho men are going on the warpath. After all, why should women's studies monopolize the media, the curriculum and the research dollars? With men's studies mushrooming, the need has

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grown for a book that poses the big issue: Why do we see males the way we do? And this gap is now filled by one of America's most eminent historians.

Few have better credentials than George L. Mosse. In a career spanning almost half a century, his books have ranged from the Reformation to the Holocaust. In recent years Mosse has been addressing himself to questions of race, sex and gender, teasing out the affinities between sexual and national politics in pioneering studies such as *Nationalism and Sexuality: Respectability and Abnormal Sexuality in Modern Europe.* And now, in a work combining synthesis and suggestion, Mosse boldly explores representations of manhood in Europe and (more patchily) in the United States since the mid-eighteenth century. (Sad to say, he has been poorly served by his publisher, which has put out a book with many niggling errors, notably in the spelling of foreign words and proper names. My favorite is the appearance of Max Nordau, the theorist of degeneration, as Max Nerdau.)

His title must be taken literally and gives the key to his chief concern. *The Image of Man* principally examines the portrayal of the male physique, in art and propaganda, in caricature and stereotype—and then goes on to interpret the messages that such iconographies have conveyed. What strikes Mosse above all is the extraordinary persistence of one basic stereotype; the singular "image" in his title is quite deliberate. Through its statues and its other artistic portrayals of heroes and warriors, discus-throwers and gymnasts, Greek art established the prototype of the later prized masculine image. It was upright, athletic, lithe, self-possessed. That distinctive icon of manhood was then recovered and popularized with the eighteenth-century Greek revival, through the pioneering writings of the German aesthete Johann Winckelmann (whose thinking has recently been explored in Alex Potts's remarkable *Flesh and the Ideal: Winckelmann and the Origins of Art History*).

This physical image—muscular, marmoreal—served as the embodiment of a character type and a social presence. As filtered through neoclassicism, the Greek ideal gave expression to a maleness marked by independence, self-control, fortitude, fearlessness and fair play—in short, manliness. Beauty of body signaled greatness of soul. It was an image, argues Mosse, that met the needs of the new bourgeois order that claimed supremacy and gradually came to power after the French Revolution, an order that rejected plebeian animality and aristocratic decadence alike, and wished to see its own moral superiority incarnate—rugged individualism embodied in the chiseled look, a "fight the good fight" muscular Christianity that drew on Greek models of fitness. The dominant male groups of the nineteenth century signaled their superior manhood through the promotion of new practices enhancing this body image: dueling and gymnastics in Germany, rugby and other team sports in the English public school—he might have mentioned the cults of Alpine mountaineering and the frontiersman in the New World.

It is Mosse's contention that this single gendered image, all contoured features and brawny chest, has buttressed manliness ever since, though it has assumed assorted guises, including the virile Victorian adventurer, shouldering the white man's burden in the Empire, or the gallant volunteer enlisting for King and Country in the Great War. Clean-cut, clean-shaven, strong-jawed, fair-skinned, preferably fair-haired—and, it went without saying, heterosexual—this paragon embodied the modern Western dream of strength tempered by restraint, decency, protectiveness toward the weaker sex and a sense of chivalry. Mosse reminds us that the air aces of World War I chose to think of themselves as jousting godlike in the skies, honoring each others' courage like knights from the court of King Arthur.

This dominant image needed an "other" to vilify, and in any case challenges arose. A miscellany of so-called perverted or inverted male types surfaced toward 1900—decadent poets, Bohemian artists and effete decadents, visible in Proust's coterie of Parisian closet homosexuals or in Berlin in the *Urningsbälle*, the inverts' festivals. And all such counter-types came under the microscope of psychiatrists such as Richard von Krafft-Ebing and criminologists such as Cesare Lombroso, who diagnosed them as degenerates, threats to vitality, virtue and the nation; but they also came out—that is, at the *fin-de-siècle* deviant males began to flaunt their deviancy, portraying themselves perhaps as a third sex or as female souls imprisoned in male bodies. And their defiance of authorized gender molds was shared by "new women" staking claims for political and sexual emancipation while devising radical body-styles to match: bobbed hair, flattened chest, mannish clothes, a cigarette between the lips.

All these threats to the manly norm—the flapper, the neurotic Jew, the avant-garde degenerate, all threatening sexual anarchy—provoked a reaction in a new super-virile masculinity that was the old manhood writ large. From the early decades of the present century, Mosse maintains, regular guys sought reassurance in exaggerated caricatures of conventional masculinity, with a new accent upon steely toughness, blind patriotism, the fellowship of courage and the embracing of death. This uncompromising new vision, sometimes drawing upon Darwinism, had its hour on the stage in the opportunities afforded by two world wars, and of course the brutalized politics of the interwar era, a period upon which, as an old Jewish refugee, he writes with particular insight.

After the Great War, political progressives attempted to socialize the tough guy as worker. German social democratic posters idealized the mighty proletarian male, while Soviet realist art celebrated the Stakhanovite. Not least, Jews attempted to refute the old Fagin stereotype—repulsive, inbred and sexually suspect; photographs and other representations of the "new Jew," the Zionist settler in Palestine, show them stripped to the waist, muscular and bronzed, tilling the fields on the kibbutz, almost suspiciously mirroring (as Mosse wryly hints) the propaganda images of Aryan manhood.

But the heroic, non-violent worker hero got upstaged by a grimmer mutation: the new fascist extremist who believed that true manhood—and what could be nobler than true manhood?—required the triumph of the (male) will. The family, Christian morality and other such weakening ties had to be repudiated. What had to be embraced was the exclusive society of males, the beauty of muscle-power devoted to the unquestioned service of the fatherland. When stripped down to its bare essentials, or pathologically distorted, the Greek discus-thrower, much praised in *Mein Kampf*, became the storm trooper.

Here a lesser historian might have served up something tediously familiar, but Mosse subtly shows that even fascist masculinity was not without its individual nuances. Ever hamming it up, the pudgy chin-jutting Mussolini felt driven to act out the role of the tough guy on the public stage, being photographed, in good Futurist manner, heading his squads, gathering the harvest, driving engines. To confirm his virility, *il Duce* might occasionally be pictured with his children—though news of his grandchildren was hushed up, lest his youthfulness be questioned. Goebbels, by contrast, understood that muscles were not all: hence the Führer appeared as pure voice or will, with no Charles Atlas displays of his none-too-prepossessing and hardly

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Aryan physique. Pondering such distinctions between Italy and Germany, Mosse notes that, pressed to extremes, machismo found its expression in fascism, but it led to the Freikorps, the SS and the Holocaust when it was additionally fortified by racial myth.

The defeat of the dictators meant that the male image could melt postwar into something less fearsome (if no less sexist), a more unassuming style of effortless postwar superiority, the strong and silent type exemplified, say, by James Stewart. More extreme manifestations of machismo were kept at the margins—the John Wayne cowboy (on the frontier, in the past), the James Dean teenage rebel (rites of passage) or Rambo (far away in Vietnam). This relaxation of pressure upon the male norm proved to be of significance when fresh challenges to chauvinist supremacy arose in the '60s with the resurrection of old "decadence" in the form of androgynous flower-power hippies, shortly followed by women's lib and gay lib.

The upshot, in Mosse's view, has been that such threats have met with conspicuously less resistance than their equivalents a century ago. The apparent slide into unisex, the blurring of gender boundaries in the spectacles of David Bowie and Michael Jackson, intrigues Mosse, since it appears to be heralding the end of the era that Winckelmann began. What makes late-twentieth-century gender-bending truly different from earlier (and less successful) counter-types, he contends, is that the *fin-de-siècle* sexual radicals were committed to minority political activism, but modern androgyny is essentially a fashion product, the fruit of capitalist consumer narcissism.

The male body long sustained a play of patriarchy while its other foundations (Christian orthodoxy, for example) were crumbling. But what will happen if the approved male image is subverted, too—or is reduced to nothing but advertising copy, as in the recently launched male fragrance "Sculpture"? And yet these dying-man bulletins seem rather premature and ingenuous. After all, feminists have drawn attention to the macho counter-insurgency against the women's movement, AIDS has provoked a new wave of homophobia, and a new conservatism has dominated Anglo-American public values since the '80s.

Mosse's assessment of the contemporary scene is rather too sketchy. A superb analyst of the politics of 1890s "inversion," he says too little about transformations in the gay scene a century later. In particular one would have liked to know what he makes of the decline of the old camp and closet-queen culture (gays as "effeminate") and the rise on both sides of the Atlantic of ultra-macho rough-trade models often blatantly flaunting neo-Nazi motifs. Will the new pumping-iron gay world prove the last refuge for the old masculine stereotypes?

This spotlights a question that keeps surfacing throughout Mosse's inquiry, though it is one upon which he reaches no clear conclusions. How is it that the dominant image of manhood discussed in this book has upheld mainstream heterosexual patriarchy, while equally being capable of appropriation by gay culture? Or, put in a historically more precise form, how was it that an image of manhood expressive of the intense homophilia of Greek antiquity, a vision then transmitted through Winckelmann, himself thoroughly homosexual, became a public icon in a West that has been and remains homophobic? How was it that the Victorian public school, or the Nazi propaganda machine, could encourage fervent cults of the lithe and beautiful male body, yet explode in homophobic paroxysms at any hint of overt gayness? And how is it that in Britain and the United States today the armed forces patently rely upon deep homosocial bonding, while the military top brass insist that recruitment of homosexuals would spell the end of discipline and order? The fact that one single male image can serve the ends of straight and gay cultures alike ensures the perpetuation of the bizarre paradox of Western masculinity. This double-face of Adonis may be very revealing about

Spell To Be Said Upon Waking

Trout's maculate body,
delible house of the wasps' nests,
white face of the horse—

Draw close.
A shadow closes your foxgrass,
lichens your boulders.

Cloudy the vow of the leaf in the water.

Lion, where is your hunger?
Come tortoise, come river, eat.

Desire, walk easily now through the wild net
of birchwood in rain,
on mountain-back carry the brindled immeasurable day.

Spell To Be Said Upon Departure

What was come here to do
having finished,
shelves of the water lie flat.

Copper the leaves of the doorsill,
yellow and falling.
Scarlet the bird that is singing.

Vanished the labor, here walls are.
Completed the asking.
Loosing the birds there is water.

Having eaten the pears.
Having eaten
the black figs, the white figs. Eaten the apples.

Table be strewn.
Table be strewn with stems,
table with peelings of grapefruit and pleasure.

Table be strewn with pleasure,
what was here to be done having finished.

JANE HIRSHFIELD

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the double think of the male psyche; it certainly tells us much about the double lives of images.

Mosse's book is brief, and so it has some surprising omissions. In a work devoted to the image of man, oddly little is said about the penis itself. It was, after all, precisely at the moment when Winckelmann grew obsessed with the Apollo Belvedere and the Laocoön that Greek phallus-worship was being discovered by archaeologists and antiquarians, as has been recently traced in Giancarlo Carabelli's *In the Image of Priapus*. Around the same time William Blake was executing his genital-centered reworkings of the image of Vitruvian man and declaring that the male genitals were the source of all beauty. A century later, Freud "discovered" penis envy, while the very fallibility of the phallus has triggered, according to feminist psychoanalysts, a fantasy projection of phantom penile power onto guns and warfare. But though many have regarded, at times facilely, the phallus as a metonym of manhood, Mosse does not grasp that nettle.

Mosse's case for the primacy of body image over the last couple of centuries is also open to question. He argues that model masculinity hinges upon the permanence of a muscular, harmonious, sublime physique, and his illustrations give prominence to athletic torsos—for instance, to the statues of Arno Breker, semi-official sculptor to the Third Reich. But the normative male of the Victorian era continued to owe much to an older aesthetics of male dominance: to aristocratic grace and style; to the Enlightenment image of clubbable man—urbane, candid and conversational; to the Romantic man of feeling.

There was nothing very Greek about Beau Brummell and other dandies, about Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Lincoln, Uncle Sam or John Bull. And what of those eminent Victorian patriarchs, all whiskers and waistcoats? Mosse writes of the "image of man," but what of the images of men? They display a wider iconographic variety than Mosse allows. Manliness has indeed been partly a matter of physique, but manners maketh man, and civilized man is also a creature of his tutor and his tailor. The idolized body has constituted only a partial foundation. After all, it was man who passed himself off as quintessentially Mind or Reason; and it was woman who was supposed to be determined by her flesh. The transition from the nineteenth-century idea of man as Mind to the desperate mindlessness of more recent notions of muscle man would be worth tracing. *The Image of Man* is thus brilliant and a little perfunctory. Still, Mosse's reading of manhood is that great thing, a short book which provokes a long think.

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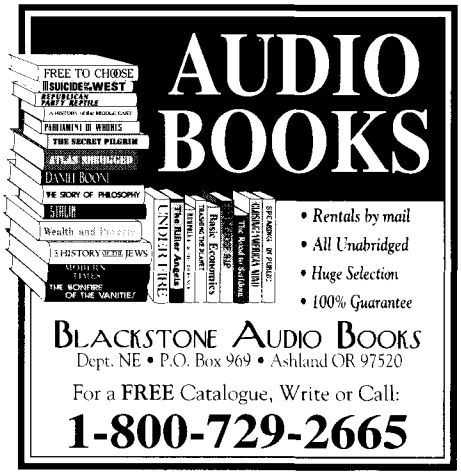
TRB *continued from page 6*

mined to bring him down would exploit the medals story to spread even more dirt. Probably, Boorda was never fully embraced by the naval aviators and Annapolis grads who claim custodianship of the service's elite culture. He was a former enlisted man who became an officer through a special program; a "personnelman" known for fostering the careers of women and minorities. And he had been picked for Chief (over an Annapolis aviator, Admiral Charles Larson) by a politically correct, "draft-dodging" president.

More recently, indications abounded that a vocal anti-Boorda minority was trying to generate a "traditionalist" backlash. In August 1995 the Naval Institute's scholarly journal, *Proceedings*, published a satire depicting a future Navy crippled by gender sensitivity and environmentalism—this dystopia was set aboard the "*U.S.S. Boorda.*" A recent anonymous letter to *Navy Times*, a private newspaper read by almost everyone in the service, told Boorda to "Go home." And, in an inflammatory April 25 speech at the Naval Academy, Annapolis alum and Reagan administration Secretary of the Navy James Webb implicitly accused Boorda of "the ultimate disloyalty" for "currying favor with politicians" instead of protecting officers accused in the fallout over Tailhook. Hundreds of midshipmen, retired flag-rank officers and Navy supporters responded to Webb's tirade with a standing ovation, according to *Navy Times*. (Interestingly enough, it was Webb, not the National Security News Service, who seems to have invented the practice of investigating medals; as secretary, he verified the decorations of every officer who came before him for promotion.)

The inquiry into Mike Boorda's medals, then, was the result of an improbable convergence of these disparate interests: a left-wing watchdog group; a profit-seeking, insufficiently informed but essentially responsible magazine; and some self-appointed guardians of "military values" from the former-officer ranks. All of these people justified their actions by saying that putting Mike Boorda under the microscope might help shape up the Navy and advance the public interest. And they probably sincerely believed that. Indeed, only a month ago Boorda himself had told a Naval Academy audience that tough coverage can sometimes help the service "get better." What none of Boorda's inquisitors could imagine was that a man who sat at the pinnacle of American military life would literally rather die than face that kind of scrutiny himself. For both soldiers and scribblers, the lesson, if any, of the affair is this: media coverage can't "destroy" a military institution, or a military officer, unless that institution, or that person, is already being torn up from within.

CHARLES LANE



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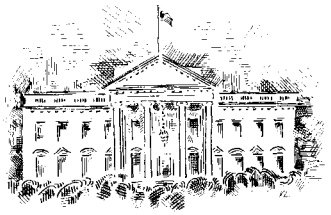
WASHINGTON DIARIST

Deplaned

PICTURE THE SCENE: 15,000 FEET. You're strapped into a DC-9, descending fast through thick clouds and high winds. It's unsettlingly turbulent. The passengers are stiffening. The seat-belt sign has begun to flash and beep, and the cabin walls are creaking a little. Soothing reassurances from the captain are conspicuously absent. Suddenly, a flight attendant is on the intercom. At this point there could be no better tonic than a professional "we're sorry about the bumps" or a matter-of-fact update on your approach to the airport. No such luck. "Okay everybody," the attendant chirps. "Here on ValuJet, we like to do things a little differently. We're going to play a game now!" A ValuJet "chip clip"—a plastic clip used to seal bags of munchies so they don't go stale—is the prize. The member of the white-knuckled audience who can produce a photograph showing the greatest number of people, wins. The few passengers who are not gripping their armrests anxiously start to wrestle with their purses and wallets, as the stewardesses bounce down the aisle to inspect the entries with alarming excitement. Meanwhile you wonder: Is the engine supposed to be making that noise?

BEFORE THE AIRLINE GAINED ITS tragic notoriety, people didn't believe me when I tried to explain ValuJet to them. The cutesy spelling. The no-frills—no tickets, even—policy. The playful, marshmallowy airplane-man painted in pastel colors on the side of every jet. I understood the qualms: "Valu" is simply not a term one associates with the act of rocketing through the skies 30,000 feet above the earth, even if it means Washington-to-Atlanta for less than the cost of a pair of Levi's. ValuJet sounded like a joke—the Spam of air travel. Even before the awful Everglades crash, I came to agree. Never mind the inconveniences, like the fact that virtually every flight I've taken was delayed or canceled—twice because cloudy weather prevented our crew from flying in on another plane, and there were no other pilots to be found. It was hardly worth going to the airline's gate attendants for help. Many of them looked (and acted) like college students who could just as easily have been working at TGI Friday's. "This is green," giggled one who stapled together a makeshift paper boarding pass for me when the airline ran out of the proper plastic kind. Harder to take is the anticladen culture. Approaching Washington one afternoon, we were quizzed on Bill Clinton's middle name. I feared for a gate attendant's safety once after she challenged a crowd of surly, long-delayed passengers to guess what state she was from as they boarded. No, the worst part is the condition of the planes. The jets are older, on average, than those of other airlines—and it shows. Nothing makes you take your seat with greater trepidation than noticing that duct tape is holding something in place in the cockpit.



SPEAKING OF UNRELIABLY old machinery, a strange thing has happened in South Carolina: a Republican primary challenger to Strom Thurmond has raised "the age issue," which is being treated by spin doctors and reporters as a bold risk. Despite the fact that Thurmond is 93, and by all accounts perpetually baffled ("For the last forty years the Congress has been in charge of the Democrats!" he recently told *The Washington Post*), the age attack is still considered daring. Unlike the foundering Bob Dole, Thurmond is insulated by his astonishingly high name-recognition in the state: 99 percent. Still, his opponent is being treated as though he'd coyly hinted at a Thurmond mistress or financial swindle. "The issue that everyone has assiduously avoided is now on the table," a Clemson University professor told *Congressional Quarterly*. (This is hardly innuendo. His 1902 birthdate is, after all, on his birth certificate.) Strom's response: to declare himself "the Thurmond-ator" in his stump speeches. The idea, presumably, is meant to convey vigor and strength, not to imply that Thurmond, like the Schwarzenegger character, has traveled through time to slay his enemies with machine guns.

IF THURMOND'S NEW TACTIC IS humorous in unintentional ways, at least it's supposed to be funny on some level, too. The same can't be said for a recent publication from the conservative Parents' Television Council, the 1995-96 *Family Guide to Prime Time Television*. To warn families about tawdry TV, this handbook rates the viewability of major-network shows with a green, yellow or red light. The results are comic. Monitoring politics as well as prurience, the guide green-lights only those programs offering "responsible themes and traditional values." Thus, the unusually interesting "X-Files" draws a red light because "the drama proffers bizarre conspiracy theories alleging outrageous government atrocities" and "vilifies law enforcement officials." Oops. The council says no to "Melrose Place"'s "steamy storylines" and "dialogue [that] has featured vulgar language including"—quick! Turn on your V-chips!—"'bitch,' 'ass' and 'piss.'" Well, how about milder fare, like "Beverly Hills 90210"? Red light again, despite "the brightest note: a regular who vows to remain a virgin until her wedding night." And don't write off the futuristic submarine adventure "seaQuest" as too dumb to be a threat. The show "has aired unfair characterizations of entrepreneurs and has been critical of the free enterprise system." Those few shows that do pass the test, like the atrocious "Family Matters," are sanitized to the point of banality. Take the G-rated "Boy Meets World," which couldn't even earn a green light without a caveat. "The only downside: a recent instance of foul language ('bite me')." Sanctioning this tripe, the council only strengthens the case for a little sex and violence.

IF YOU'RE TROUBLED BY ALL THIS immorality, Pat Robertson continues to hold down the fort a few channels away on his "700 Club." Robertson looks good for his 66 years, and, though in the political arena he's been eclipsed by fellow fire-breather Pat Buchanan and by baby-faced Ralph Reed, on TV he's still a mighty presence. Robertson's program is surprising for how little New World Order babble is foisted and how much pedestrian financial advice dispensed. He takes questions from his in-studio flock about everything from the bond market—"the Lord is gonna bless that investment"—to refinancing a mortgage. No criticism of the free market system here. And, of course, Robertson himself has a thriving and unfettered business in miraculous "healing," of the kind that was once confined to small-tent rallies in the Bible Belt. On each show Robertson and his co-hosts sit in a circle, eyes squeezed shut, detecting maladies among their viewing audience and summoning sweet relief. A little boy in the South has polio. A woman in Kansas has an infection. No ailment is too intimate. Recently, one of Robertson's sidekicks rubbed her temples as she concentrated intently: "Someone else has an intestinal blockage," she intoned with a rising pitch, "and God's releasing that right now. . . ." Praise the Lord!

MICHAEL CROWLEY

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